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The history men

Roy Harris

R. W. BURCHFIELD (Editor)
A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary: Volume 3: O-Scz
1579pp, Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press: £55.
0 19 861124 2

The compilers of the current Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary bear a heavy and inevitable burden of responsibility to us all. What they decide to put in and leave out may just as easily settle our case in the law courts, nurture our prejudices, or perpetuate injustices, as decide the results of television quizzes or games of Scrabble. Public reaction to fresh dictionary instalments, however, predictably concentrates on the Silly Season side of lexicography. Entries are added up. Statistics are produced. The "new words" hog the limelight, especially if outlandish or vaguely comic. (*Pussivating* and *profly* immediately top-scored with a caption in *The Times*.) Their origins are discussed. Their claims are scrutinized. Protests about the acceptance of some will follow just as surely as complaints about the exclusion of others. The wag, the scholarly amateur and the self-appointed expert all have a guaranteed field day. It is rather like a cross between the announcement of a team for the next Test match and the publication of the New Year Honours list.

There is something about dictionaries which encourages, even provokes, this razzle-dazzle. Partly responsible is the bizarre juxtaposition of totally unconnected items produced by adherence to alphabetical order. One is led on willy-nilly to look for yet odder snippets of information and more amusing or incredible bedfellows. The very convention of alphabetization simultaneously decontextualizes and recontextualizes words in a way which has no small element of surrealism in it. It makes the various senses of that word — in a Masson or a Magritte. He becomes the agent of a poetization of the banal which is all the more stimulating for being the unsought consequence of a strait-laced professional practice.

Then there is our sheer admiration for the great feat of documentation, classification and analysis which these dogged lexicographers have accomplished. It is admiration

enhanced by being brought to realize at the same time our own deplorable ignorance of our native language and of the linguistic community to which we belong. Dictionaries are far more effective instruments for inculcating linguistic humility than prayer-books are for inculcating the spiritual variety.

What gets lost in all this is any critical appraisal of the role of the dictionary. Moreover, if the dictionary in question is the OED, one is dealing not just with a dictionary but with a national institution. Criticizing the OED or the principles on which it is based can hardly be other than a suspect enterprise which smacks of cultural subversion. So revered has the OED become as an institution that people forget — if they ever knew — that it was originally something of a subversive enterprise itself.

Precisely because lexicography on the OED scale is such a dauntingly formidable task, and cannot be expected in practice to please all the people all of the time, it has become, like the English monarchy, virtually immune from criticism in principle. The public is content to be amazed at how well the institution does what it does. Whether it could do better, or whether it should do something significantly different, are questions not often seriously considered. Niggling over details serves only to highlight the impressive record of instances in which there seems to be nothing to object to. So if I say that it seems to me monstrously question-begging to define *race riot* in the way the current Supplement does (as "a riot that results from racial hostility"), or that I think it has rather missed the point of the expression to *rabbin* on, or that it is surprisingly weak on the vocabulary of cricket (no *pad* yet, no *plumb* in the "lbw" sense), and so on for a page or two, I shall in the end have done no more than provide a miserable list of petty quibbles which implicitly confirms the unimpeachability of 99.9 per cent of what the Supplement says. Anyone who wishes to broach more serious issues about dictionaries has to resist the temptation to tax lexicographers by itemizing the manifold minor inadequacies that close scrutiny of their compilations will always reveal.

The present Supplement is in many respects a remarkable posthumous tribute to the work of the founding father of the OED, Sir James Murray. Murray's achievement was the definitive establishment of what might apply be called "black-and-white" lexicography: and the Supplement perpetuates that eminently Victorian ideal.

The first principle of black-and-white lexicography is the importance it assigns to the printed word, and the consequent relegation of the vocabulary of everyday speech to an inferior position. It is essentially book-based lexicography. Quotations from printed sources are its primary evidence. From the outset it implicitly takes the language of the literate strata of society as having priority, and treats literary, educated usage preserved for posterity in the published works of major writers as providing the permanent standard against which to judge any other forms of English. Its concern is not with all words equally, but first and foremost with those words that are "fit for print". Such words select themselves by having already got into print in the works of reputable authors in the first place. It would be naive to ignore that at the basis of black-and-white lexicography, hard as it may try to present itself as "scientific", there is this form of cultural censorship.

Murray's original concept had been a more liberal one, based on the "new philology" which had emerged on the Continent in the course of the nineteenth century. Its methods were historical and comparative, and it accorded speech priority over writing. But Murray found that the "new philology" from abroad represented a considerable threat to the cultural Establishment of Victorian England. He had to struggle against the Delegates of the Oxford University Press and their attempts to exclude all quotations from newspapers and all terms — including scientific terms — not attested in works of "literature". As Linda Dowling puts it in a recent paper, what Murray was doing appeared to subvert the central authority of culture and to open the defensive walls of Victorian literary decorum to attack from every side. To this succinct summary of the position, one might add that Murray's policy did not merely appear to subvert that authority, but effectively did so. In that respect, the qualms of the Delegates of the Oxford University Press were well founded. Progress in linguistics is always likely to be feared by

educational authorities; and rightly so. For there is nothing more conducive to questioning established cultural values than a reassessment of language and its role in human affairs.

Just to put Murray's publication in some kind of historical and intellectual perspective, it is perhaps worth quoting from the 1897 edition of *Everybody's Pocket Cyclopaedia* on the subject of the English language. There we are told that: "Shakespeare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. The ordinary person can get along very comfortably with 500 words, and in the rural districts a knowledge of 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through his life." By "the great universities" are evidently meant Oxford and Cambridge (of which "the average man" is a graduate). The "average man" is clearly more loquacious than the man of the "rural districts", who seems to be envisaged as going around uttering coarse Tarzan-like monosyllables ("Oats", "Eay", "Dung", "Strewth", etc. up to a limit of 200) as the needs of rustic intercourse dictate. What Murray published certainly put an end to certain ignorant misconceptions that had previously flourished unchecked.

Like all British radical initiatives, however, Murray's lexicography succumbed to compromise and Establishment assimilation. The eventual knighthood which he almost refused (because such honours tended "to make people Tory and ween them from popular sympathies") was symbolic. The OED was destined to be a bastion of philological conservatism and right-mindedness. Not until 1972 did it officially recognize the existence of various centuries-old "four-letter" words. Even then, the editor had to apologize with a self-congratulatory cynicism that made one wince — and a hardly coincidental lapse into French ("no English-language dictionary contained the more notorious of the sexual words, *vous avoiez changé tout cela*..."). The *risqué* words in question were promptly provided with "full supporting evidence" in the shape of impeccable literary attestations, presumably long on record in the Oxford archives, but hitherto suppressed.

Under Murray's broadminded successors, however, literary snobbery continued to pervade the OED, and by 1972 had hardened into official policy regarding new admissions. If you happened to be a famous author, you could take the liberty of inventing a word, or cribbing one from a foreign language, and your boldness was likely to be held to "enrich" the English language (however absurd, unnecessary or trivial the innovation). But if you were just a reporter writing for the local paper, or a civil servant drafting a document, you apparently had no business introducing new words at all, however useful. This is an editorial policy which will admit almost anything into a dictionary, provided it comes from the prestigious pen of some literary lion — a Samuel Beckett (*inhambia*) or a Virginia Woolf (*scroloping*). No protest against including fun-words in a dictionary is here intended. The point is that the OED's "fun" has to be sanctioned by literary respectability. And the obligatory route to literary respectability is via the printed word.

Black-and-white lexicography is also black-and-white in that it takes it upon itself to pronounce authoritatively on the rights and wrongs of usage. In Murray's case, this was genuine Victorian dog-gooding grafted on to a schoolmaster's sense of duty to his pupils and a desire to "improve" people's English. In Murray's successors, it became simply donnish conservatism, tinged by sheer reluctance to accept that anyone else's practice or opinion should take precedence over their own. The difference in attitude is neatly illustrated by two anecdotes on record. When someone appraised to Murray for guidance on correct pronunciation he replied: "It is a free country, and a free man may call a vase a vase, a vase, a vase, or a vase, as he pleases. And why should he not? We do not all think alike, walk alike, or dine alike: why should we not use our liberty in speech also, so long as the purpose of speech, to be intelligible, and its grace, are not interfered with?" More recently, however, when the Post Office rang up the OED headquarters to find out whether the correct spelling of the adjective from the verb to *diagnose* was *diagnable* or *diagnal*, it alleged that the editor of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (who on this occasion threw condescension to the winds) opined that there was a double *l*, whereas the

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editor of the *OED Supplement* took a surprisingly more economical line and thought there was only one. The issue was resolved by the editor of the *Supplement*, who is reported as saying: "As I was in overall charge I recommended one."

Lexical prescriptivism takes two forms. On the one hand, what the dictionary says is regarded by the man-in-the-street as oracular, and dictionary-makers know this. Hence mere silence - omitting a word or a meaning - is itself a kind of condemnation. On the other hand, certain usages are explicitly singled out as wrong, and the public solemnly warned against them. Prescriptivism of the latter kind is even typographically formalized in the *OED* by means of a sign, the so-called "paragraph mark", which is said to indicate "catachrestic and erroneous uses". The editorial use of this symbol calls for some comment since it is, unfortunately, far from clear what is to be understood in this connection either by "catachrestic" or by "erroneous". Why error and catachrestic should be lumped together at all is in any case a puzzle; but it is a puzzle which throws interesting light on *OED* prescriptivism.

Catachrestic is one of the varieties of trope distinguished by classical rhetoricians. It involves the application of a term to designate something which has no specific designation of its own, but which is deemed to fall strictly outside the proper meaning of the word in question. Ironically, the English use of the term *catachrestic* as a near synonym for *erroneous* is not itself catachrestic by this definition, although by the *OED*'s standards it might well count as erroneous. It all depends on what you take the "true" meaning to be. Since very few Englishmen have ever heard of the term *catachrestic* anyway, it provides an example which ought by rights to go under the entry which the *Supplement* understandably allots to that well-known English expression *obscure per obscurum* (cf. of course, *ignotum per ignotius*).

Taking a deep lexicographical breath and pressing on, we come to the key question of what the prescriptive term *erroneous* (as used by a contemporary lexicographer) might mean. The editor of the current *Supplement* at least gives us some clues, obscure though they are. He says, for example, that it is erroneous to use *refuge* to mean "deny, repudiate". *Protagonist* when used to mean "proponent" also gets the dreaded black paragraph mark. On the other hand, the use of *recognition* to mean "conversion", and of the noun *overkill* to mean "excess" go uncondemned. It seems that an erroneous usage is not just one which is rejected by the well-educated; for although we are told that the use of *pristine* to mean "unspoiled" or "brand-new" is "regarded with disapproval by many educated speakers", it is apparently not erroneous. Again, although *post-graduate* to mean "graduate and parameter to mean "boundary, limit" are described as "loose" uses, they are evidently not erroneous uses either.

What is one to make of all this? How does today's lexicographer determine when language-users are guilty of linguistic error? Is it a matter of neglecting things they should have been taught in school? (It hardly seems so, since one now finds the *Supplement* apparently sanctioning practices which would not escape correction in the classroom, such as abbreviating *does* to 's in phrases like *what's he know about it?*) The rationale of the prescriptivism is so obscure that in the end one begins to suspect that there is none. In certain cases, even, the condemnation verges on self-condemnation. The very evidence the *Supplement* provides, for example, to document the so-called "erroneous" use of the verb *refuge* is precisely the kind of quotation from respectable sources which throughout the rest of the dictionary is taken as establishing "correct" usage. Why, one wonders, does not the lexicographer learn the lesson of his own research?

The key to the conundrum is provided by the left-hand grouping together of error with catachrestic. What we see here is the last philosophical survival of the ancient doctrine that words have "true" meanings. This truth consists in corresponding to the nature of the thing meant. (This doctrine appears in Plato. In the Christian tradition, Adam gets into the net. Before the Fall, he was supposed to have given things their

true names in that sense.) So a word used in accordance with its true meaning is correctly used; whereas used otherwise than in accordance with its true meaning, it is used erroneously.

When the "new philology" finally ousted biblical views of language in the nineteenth century, etymology took over from Adam. Discovering the true meaning of a word meant tracing it back to its origins. This etymological Adamism, strongly entrenched in black-and-white lexicography, is still the source of popular pieces of wisdom such as the impossibility of considering three alternatives (because the "true" meaning of *alternative* comes from Latin *alter* "one of two"). The awkward problem was how to decide, in the case of many new usages, whether the innovation was in accordance with a word's "true" meaning or not. History showed that usages formerly condemned often came to be accepted unhesitatingly by later generations. What philologists of Murray's day simply could not accept, however, was the idea of abandoning the notion of true meanings altogether. The educational and social consequences would have been unbearable. The usage of the ignorant and illiterate would automatically have been promoted to equality with the usage of the middle classes.

This is ultimately why *OED* lexicography perpetuates a confusion between value judgments and descriptive categorizations, providing no clear criteria for any of them. (A case in point is the pejorative label "Vulgar", which the *OED* tries vainly to pass off as a technical term.) The muddle is the direct result of the fact that Victorian philologists could not resist their own everyday practice of projecting on to a word or a usage the characteristics which they associated with its "typical" users. Nothing reveals more clearly the social bias of their approach to language. They paid lip-service to the academic ideal of founding an impartial, descriptive "science" of words; but in the end they could not see that linguistic description could endorse - or require - any other viewpoint than their own.

OED lexicography is also black-and-white lexicography in yet another sense. It takes for granted the validity of the assumption that the many varying shades of semantic grey which in practice language presents us with can without distortion be reduced by reference to a clearly determinate number of verbal meanings. This assumption was accepted without question by the philologists of Murray's generation. It no longer is today. But it is an assumption very necessary to the whole enterprise of presenting the vocabulary of a language as a list of separate items, each with a fixed set of possible interpretations. Is that in practice how language works? Anyone who reflects carefully upon his own speech for a while without prejudging the issue will quickly come to doubt whether it is (unless he has been so brainwashed by a dictionary-based education that he literally cannot conceive that words could be anything else than what they are represented as being in dictionaries).

The notion that a vocabulary is something that can be specified as an inventory of independently existing entities, to which the users of a language have - or may have, or may not have - access, is not only essential for practical purposes to black-and-white lexicography, but also to the broader historical concept of languages which Murray's generation inherited. In linguistics, the intellectual limitations of that generation were set by the belief that a language (like a nation) is inseparable from its history. There is, it may be urged, some truth in this proposition; but not quite as much truth as Murray and his contemporaries supposed. In other words, Victorian philology had not yet got as far as the lesson (that was to be taught in Geneva by Saussure, which turned out to be the basic lesson of modern linguistics. By that time however, the *OED* was a publisher's juggernaut going inexorably ahead under its own steam, and nothing could possibly halt it. Any attempt to take on board the radically different understanding of words implicit in structuralism would have stopped the juggernaut dead in its tracks. There was nothing for it but to carry on regardless.

To put the theoretical point at issue in the simplest possible terms, justifying the *OED* approach meant

assuming that when Shakespeare's contemporaries used the word *happy* they were using the same word as we still use nowadays. This word might have acquired different spellings, different pronunciations and different meanings over the generations; but nevertheless it had always remained the same word. That was why all its forms together under a single entry in the dictionary. Words were thus treated by *OED* lexicography as if a word were an enduring national landmark, like the Tower of London. It might need repair or modification over the centuries, or even complete rebuilding; but in the end it was historical continuity which assured its identity.

Are words like public buildings? Murray evidently thought so, and he set up the *OED* as a kind of lexical

elegantly put it at the time - "in exactly the same spirit in which the geologist treats his stones". Thus black-and-white lexicography is itself a historical monument to a nineteenth-century failure to see the gulf which separates the study of words from the study of the physical world.

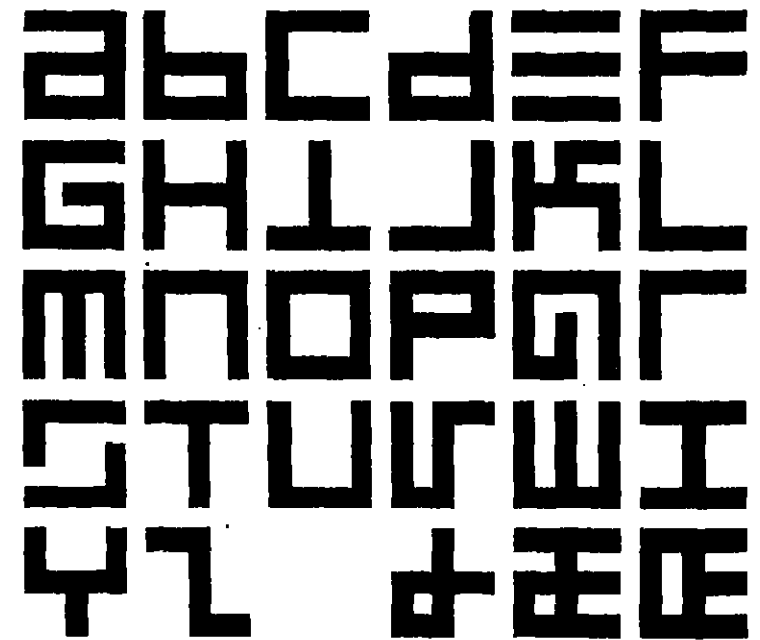
To put the matter in more narrowly linguistic terms, black-and-white lexicography of the *OED* variety irretrievably confuses synchronic and diachronic facts. Although it claims to be, as the full title reveals, a dictionary "on historical principles", those principles represent the fossilized epistemology of a bygone era. In effect, they either deny or ignore the existence of synchronic facts altogether. They pretend that any Englishman we have no option but to use the language which Shakespeare

It would be foolish to underestimate the profound psychological appeal of black-and-white lexicography. If its language is anything to go by, the ordinary Englishman sets great store by having things "in black and white". That everyday phrase says more about English attitudes to words than a whole library of learned publications on psycholinguistics. But the lay trust in black-and-white lexicography is itself largely promoted by the *OED*, which indeed sets out Englishmen's vocabulary clearly in black and white for them. Hence many are convinced that if they cannot find it "in black and white" in the *OED*, then it cannot "really" be an English word or an English meaning after all. The belief and the dictionary feed on each other, and there is no sign that either is not thriving.

Is that then the pattern of English lexicography for centuries to come? Will words just continue to get added interminably to the store in that great verbal mausoleum now run from the "splendid spacious Georgian mansion in central Oxford" (as the editor describes his present headquarters)? It will be counted a blasphemous impiety to hope not. But let it so be counted.

By all means let the denizens of the mansion in St Giles complete the final volume of the present *Supplement* (scheduled, we are told, for 1985). Let them be sincerely congratulated on a Herculean task nobly done, and let no one underestimate the scholarship and devotion that task demanded. But then there must be some kind of rethink, long since overdue. The *OED* is too much a prisoner of its own past, shackled by methodological decisions bravely taken back in the last century. Even the British Empire eventually had to face the fact that, whether or not it could be made to work, it no longer met the needs and aspirations of those whose interests it claimed to guard.

If justice is to be done to the future of the English language, there must sooner or later come a break with the outdated lexicographical methods of the past. New techniques of investigation and description are demanded, which must in part be experimental and quantitative. These techniques must give full recognition to the very complex social and situational diversification of English. They must come to terms with the fact that the ways words interlock with one another at any given time are just as important as how words are historically related to the usage of past centuries. They must try to strike a better evidential balance between the book and the many other forms in which words circulate in a twentieth-century community. They must acknowledge that what ordinary people think words mean is just as important as what experts declare them to mean. They must somehow deal with the differences between an Englishman's vocabulary and his wife's, or his daughter's. They must allow for the existence of other kinds of wordpower than the one which the *Reader's Digest* says it pays you to increase. In short, a serious start must be made on treating the recording of English vocabulary as part of the systematic analysis of the structures of communication in modern society.



The Epps-Evans typeset for electronic recognition, an illustration from *Alphabet at Work* by William Gardner (112p. A. and C. Black, £9.95 7134 3306 7). The face, which has no diagonals or curves, was produced by the Computer Science Division of the National Physical Laboratory.

Ministry of Works which would respect their ancestry, keep them in good repair and record their slowly changing physiognomy for posterity. Hence the crucial role which the *OED* assigns to etymology (on which Murray also had to struggle against the Delegates of the Oxford University Press). Hence too its almost total neglect of the fact that no word can exist without the support it derives at any given time not from its verbal forebears but from its verbal contemporaries. Words do not, like buildings, have an independent and continuous physical existence. The reason why Murray's generation tried to treat them as if they did was that the demands of nineteenth-century scholarship required that the study of languages be assimilated as far as possible to the prevailing paradigms of the natural sciences. It was hoped that languages could ultimately be treated by the philologist - as Oxford's first Professor of Comparative Philology

used (give or take a few innovations and a few obsolescences). It is rather like insisting that the modern container lorry is just an updated version of the horse and cart.

Curiously, although none of Murray's worst enemies would - or ever could - have accused him of being a structuralist, his experience as a lexicographer brought him to see the practical reality which underlies the structuralist's theoretical position. Saussure talked about the impossibility of drawing a panorama of the Alps from several points of view simultaneously. What Murray said (in a letter to Henry Sweet) shows a man confronted with this truth in very practical terms: "I shall have to do the best I can at defining probably 80,000 words that I never knew or used or saw before..." One may perhaps admire a man who says he will do his best to walk on water. But one does not doubt that he must drown in the attempt.

Inventive etymologies

Pat Rogers

E. L. McADAM and GEORGE MILNE (Editors):

Johnson's Dictionary: A Modern Selection 465pp. Gollancz, £8.95. Papermac, £3.95. 0 575 03098 4 and 0 333 32984 8

The selection from Johnson's *Dictionary* now reissued by Gollancz first appeared in 1963, when no other version was conveniently available. Nineteen years later, there is still a place for such a work. The reprint of the complete text which have appeared are necessarily bulky and expensive. By comparison the McAdam - Milne version is easy to use, visually intelligible and capable of being transported without a luggage trolley. It is a page-for-page reprint of the 1963 text; but since there is no scholarly apparatus, the passage of time has not occasioned the need for revision.

What the selection provides, but

does not provide can be stated as follows. There is an introduction by the editors, short and sensible, not very controversial nor very exploratory. Johnson's great Preface is reproduced, but neither the history of the language nor the grammar finds a place. The remainder of the book is taken up by the selected entries. Johnson's etymologies have generally been omitted, even the more inventive. A full sampling of the illustrative quotations has been provided, but the emphasis lies squarely on the definitions. These have been chosen by means of a judicious scanning of the full coverage. The funny ones are there, of course, and so too are the meanings given for key terms: *novel*, *sense* 1 (although the fine illustration from Dryden's *missing*), *romantic*, *tory*. Some of the more puzzling archaisms, such as the noun *several*, are included; so are lengthy entries quarried from the cyclopaedia, eg. the long citation of Dr Hutton's manual on *drugs* under the heading *opium*. Little-known entries worth reviving are *formbooks* as an alternative verb: "to eat, and not used in suits or in grave settings".

Since the octavo edition of 1756, there have been numerous abridgements of the text. The two-and-ninety-ninety Diction which Becky Sharp scornfully flung from her coach must have been one of the more slender versions. This "modern" selection is altogether serviceable, within its acknowledged limits, and was worth reprinting in good time for the festivities to accompany Johnson's bicentenary in 1944. It is a pity, though, that the publishers should retain their dust-jacket note: in a sadly inappropriate present tense: "E. L. McAdam died some years ago."

FRANCE

GEORGES POMPIDOU

Pour rétablir une vérité

296pp. Paris: Flammarion. 65 fr.

There have only been twenty-one presidents of the French Republic but it is doubtful if many people can recite their names. Many were easily forgettable. In some cases it is only because a road or a square has been named after them, that any general recollection of their careers persists. But it is to be hoped that Georges Pompidou will be remembered for more than the large and extravagant arts centre in Paris that bears his name. Nor should he be famous because he is one of only four presidents to die in office, and one of only two to have been a former school teacher. Pompidou's is one of the more extraordinary stories in any "making of the President" series: it is the story of someone who succeeded without apparently trying.

When at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, he prepared the entrance examination for the École Normale, but without much conviction. When there he did not exert himself, yet he received first in the *agrégation de lettres*. He became a school teacher, in Paris and Marseille, and registered himself as writing a thesis on Barbey d'Aurevilly with a view to becoming a university teacher; but it does not seem that the work made much progress. After being called up, and having fought in the 1940 campaign, he was demobilized and returned to his teaching post. He made little effort to join the Resistance or the Gaullists either in London or in Algeria, and he made no attempt in 1944 to present himself as someone who had played an active part in the liberation of his country and who was therefore entitled to the decorations and consolations of victory. Yet, through his relations with a friend from

École Normale days, René Brouillet, Pompidou found himself in mission in the private cabinet of General de Gaulle himself. When de Gaulle resigned and subsequently formed his Rassemblement du Peuple Français, Pompidou did not become an official of that party, was never a candidate at elections, and was not paid from party funds. He worked for the Ministry of Tourism, for the Conseil d'Etat, and as a part-time lecturer at Sciences Politiques. But he was, officially, de Gaulle's *chef de cabinet*.

By the time of the Algerian crisis of 1958, he was attached to the Rothschild Bank, and was in no way implicated in the many plots fomented in Paris and Algiers; but when the time came for the General to leave his Colombey retreat and to assume national responsibilities once again, then Pompidou was present. In 1961 he was invited to be Minister of Finance and refused. But in 1962, with the ending of the Algerian war, he became Prime Minister, and it was in this eminent position that he made his very first appearance in the National Assembly (which he had a habit of calling the Chamber of Deputies). Although it was frequently said that the government led by this intruder on the political scene was necessarily temporary, and only a government of transition, it was Pompidou who soon appeared as the heir-apparent of de Gaulle, and when the dramatic resignation came in 1969, none of the leading figures of Gaullism (Debré, Coeuvre de Murville, Messmer, Malraux, Guichard, Chaban-Delmas) seriously considered contesting his natural right to be the elected successor. In this way, until the onset of illness early in his presidency, and his death in 1973, Pompidou enjoyed a career which was remarkable for an elegant, easy, almost nonchalant success, and which was a tribute to his intelligence, intuition and tenacity.

But in this smooth ascension there was one episode which jarred

unpleasantly. This concerned the events of 1968 and the months which followed. Pompidou, like all those who had enjoyed the confidence of de Gaulle, was a discreet man, not given to justifying himself, nor to recounting the intimate details of his government. But he spoke freely about this period in his life. Since his death his widow has maintained a rigorous silence about her husband. But when a book was published, suggesting that during 1968 Pompidou endeavoured to manoeuvre the resignation of the government, de Gaulle out of power (*Les Trois Derniers Jours de Général de Gaulle*, by Anne and Pierre Rouanet) she made a statement, denying the allegations and claiming that, to the last, Georges Pompidou had the trust and the friendship of de Gaulle. Now she has taken the defence a stage further by publishing her husband's uncompleted memoirs (an action which has dismayed some of the former president's friends, who claim that many of his views would have been revised had he lived).

Certainly, Pompidou's version is very short and general, although it is accompanied by a number of documents printed in *extenso*. He describes the crisis of May 1968, which began with a student revolt and developed into a large-scale strike movement; he describes how he endeavoured to deal with the former by a policy alternating between firmness and concession, and with the latter by means of lengthy and detailed negotiations. In spite of numerous setbacks, disappointments and alarms, by the evening of May 28, he felt able to tell de Gaulle that he thought that the end of the crisis was at hand. But de Gaulle did not believe this. Pompidou describes him as being tired and dispirited, although he did not understand the extent to which the General was discouraged and depressed (the Minister of the Interior, who saw de Gaulle after him, did not inform the prime minister of his more

pesimistic impression, or so Pompidou claims). The next day de Gaulle suddenly cancelled a planned cabinet meeting, refused to see his prime minister and, while pretending to go to Colombey for a day's rest, flew secretly to Germany and conferred with General Massu. He returned to Paris the next day, reluctantly gave in to Pompidou's insistence that a general election should be held, and with a vigorous and firm speech launched the movement which led to a remarkable reaffirmation of the government and the institutions of the Fifth Republic. Pompidou explains the General's actions in a straightforward manner. He was not, he says, seeking to reassure himself about the reliability of the French army; nor was he playing the game of organizing a dramatic disappearance so as to introduce a new element into the crisis, which would then become a dominant element with his own triumphal and welcome reappearance. He had simply lost his nerve and run away. Accompanied by his family, he had sought refuge in Germany and it was only when he was faced by the determination and courage of General Massu that he changed his mind and returned. Three days later, Pompidou claims, the General told him, "Pour la première fois de ma vie, j'ai eu une défaillance. Je ne suis pas fier de moi."

Is this version true? It is certainly correct that de Gaulle considered resignation; he said so himself. But Pompidou's account implies more than a giving-up of office, it suggests a fleeing across the frontier, like Louis XVIII running for Ghent or Louis Philippe taking ship for England. It would have created a complicated diplomatic situation with the West German government and a power vacuum in the French capital on the very day when the Communists were organizing a demonstration which, some believed, could lead to the seizure of certain key buildings in the

tradition of the Commune. It is a pity that Pompidou does not enlarge upon "les crises psychologiques du Général" which he claims to have known about "depuis longtemps", and upon "la tentation périodique du départ", of which he has made no previous mention. Since these recollections pay little attention to detail, he does not try to decide when the General made up his mind to visit Massu, how he had been able to organize the flight in complete secrecy and whether he only went to Germany because other meeting-places proved impossible. It would seem that there was a good deal of planning, which is incompatible with the notion of precipitate flight. In fact, even if we accept every word of Pompidou's account, it would still be possible to envisage the General as being undecided about whether he should resign, and organizing a mysterious journey which would inform him directly of what the military thought and provide a test for public opinion by dramatizing the possibility of his abandoning power during a crisis. Such action could only be taken alone, independently of ministers who had their own ideas on these matters.

Pompidou is also anxious to deny rumours that he encouraged the General to resign, either on May 28 or at any other time. He claims that he did not know that a pamphlet was being circulated suggesting that he should take the General's place, and that when it was known that the General was not at Colombey but had simply "disappeared", his message to the radio and television authorities that he would speak to the nation that evening, and address the National Assembly the next day, were merely precautionary measures. Pompidou makes no reference in his text to Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's proposal, on the morning of May 30, that the government should resign, so as to allow de Gaulle to widen his majority, though this proposal is mentioned in

Oxford Dictionaries

A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary

Volume III, O-Scz
Edited by Robert W. Burchfield

Dr Burchfield... is serving his country better than anyone. There will be no more laudable achievement this year than the publication of this volume. Anthony Burgess in *The Observer*. 'It is nearly a century of linguistic change that Burchfield and his team must capture, and admiration for their bang-up-to-date... should not obscure the thoroughness with which they have recorded decades of vogue words now forgotten.' *Sunday Times*. 255

The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English

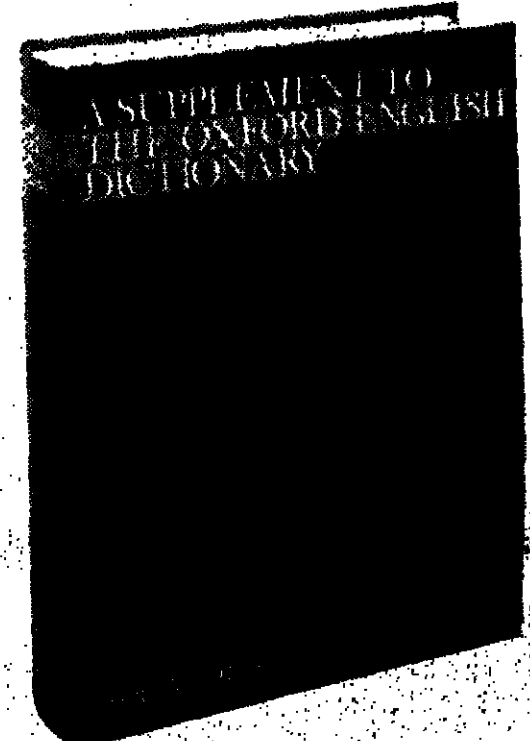
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letter from Alain Peyrefitte included in the appendix (and described by him as "un coup de poignard dans le dos").

One is obliged to judge Pompidou's version of events in the light of other questions. Once the elections had been won, he claims that he expressed a desire to resign. The General tried to persuade him not to do so. Many others, including his own family, urged that it was his duty to stay. Eventually, after much heart-searching, he let de Gaulle know that he would stay on after all, only to discover that Couve de Murville had already been offered the post. He also discovered (although it is not clear when) that Couve de Murville had been asked to become prime minister as early as 1967. Thus at the very time when the General was pretending that he wanted Pompidou to be his prime minister he really wanted to get rid of him. Pompidou had been asked to play a turned his attention to other matters. His interest in language and literature never faded but he flirted more and more with mathematics and the natural sciences, and increasingly he introduced into the discussion of the findings and implications of what he liked to think of as his poetic experiments the vocabulary and the manner of the natural scientist.

In time the distinction between two quite separate techniques and levels of discourse was allowed to become blurred and Valéry often thought of himself as conducting a scientific enquiry into the gestation and operation of poetic texts. For the most part Valéry's readers have been content to accept his testimony at its face value, and to accept as "scientific" whatever Valéry chose to call by that name. Not all the passionate intensity of his interest in the gestation of poetic texts or the nature of their operation, however, is sufficient of itself to make his enquiry scientific. Nor is the use of any amount of "scientific" vocabulary of whatever kind. At the heart of all scientific enquiry properly so called are certain impartial - and verifiable - observations made in the course of scrupulously controlled experiments. The image of some kind of *magus* conducting experiments of this kind in the domain of the arts in general, and of poetry in particular, works powerfully on Valéry's mind to engender such personal myths as Léonard or Teste. His vision of Poe is a myth of the same kind. To the extent to which Valéry took Poe seriously and believed either Poe or himself to be in conscious control of the poetic processes in which they become involved, he is once more in the domain of myth.

Mythical too is the "Voice" which haunted Valéry and which Christine Crow has taken as the central theme of her book. The Voice is not unreal. Even the seemingly egregious capital letter has a function. But it eludes both scientific enquiry and scientific description. Valéry is, in any case, no more entitled to claim scientific authority in this matter than, for example, a singer might be who, while he could certainly claim privileged knowledge of what it feels like to sing, remains from first to last in total ignorance of wave-theory, acoustics or the physiology of the larynx.

That Ms Crow never succeeds in giving a clear and comprehensive account of "the poetry of Voice" is not entirely her fault. Valéry's contributions to the subject are eloquent and suggestive, but not entirely helpful. How does one deal with pronouncements of the kind: "Le poème est la Voix". "La voix est la Voix" or "La voix est la poésie"? It is not by producing responses of the kind: "Poetry is the essence of the voice, seen and not seen." "Voice is in the context of poetry conceived as a total action of expressive form involving and integrating every faculty of mind" or simply "The Self is Voice".

Mr Crow echoes Valéry very faithfully but she is too much of a Type B believer ever seriously to challenge his right to tell his reader how to read his poetry. Valéry confides in us, for example, his own view (or one of his views) of *La Cimetière Marin*: "Le 'Cimetière Marin' est une poésie de type de ma 'poésie' vraie et surtout les parties plus abstraites de ce poème. C'est une poésie de lyrisme (ni caprice) net et abstrait, mais d'une abstraction motrice, plus que philosophique." The *ni caprice* is disarming, but it does not prevent Mr Crow from feeling that

The science of song

G. W. Ireland

CHRISTINE M. CROW

Paul Valéry and the Poetry of Voice
302pp. Cambridge University Press.
£21.50.
0 521 24182 0

Paul Valéry wrote far more poetry than is generally supposed - most of it before he was twenty. Candidly and correctly judging that very little of this early work was worth publishing, he suppressed most of it and - in the wake of a great emotional upheaval in 1892, in which disenchantment with poetry had its part to play - turned his attention to other matters. His interest in language and literature never faded but he flirted more and more with mathematics and the natural sciences, and increasingly he introduced into the discussion of the findings and implications of what he liked to think of as his poetic experiments the vocabulary and the manner of the natural scientist.

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she is dealing with a "definition" which she promises faithfully to "hold in mind" when "attempting to appreciate the poem from the point of view of its vocal melody".

Her introduction is, in fact, an unusually faithful and discriminating paraphrase of Valéry's own comments, a paraphrase which only once - almost in parentheses - challenges the status of these comments:

Not seeing the inevitable involvement of the perceiving self in its own perceptions as a stumbling-block to objective knowledge, Valéry might be said to accord to individual consciousness a privileged position by virtue of that very involvement.

The point is well taken; but there is even something in the way in which the objection is put that suggests that there is no real need to pursue it further.



Paul Valéry in 1927

The bulk of Ms Crow's book is made up of a number of commentaries - in the manner of the French *explication de texte* - on individual poems. What the reader will gain from a study of these commentaries will depend very largely on what he will be able to understand by them. He will not always find Ms Crow's writing either helpful or encouraging. He may, to begin with, be somewhat taken aback by the looseness of her grasp of English usage (she is weak on prepositions, prone to tautology and shaky on the precise use of words like "talisman") and he may be distressed by the style:

It was this transformational potential which Valéry felt he could trigger in the reader the other way round, by choosing sounds which would stimulate the mind's ear by stimulating the mouth and lungs in the action of reading (not only reading aloud, although that was preferable).

He can hardly fail to be irritated by the constantly recurring, professorial mannerisms. Most of all the reader will be perplexed by a very large number of sentences in which words seem to flap around meaning like ill-fitting sleeves or baggy trouser-legs. Two examples will barely suffice to convey the cumulative effect of writing of this kind.

For although the outer thread of the monologue is always given cognitively to the syntactical structures of thought in its retrospective mode of self-analysis, it is the semi-autonomous presence of the mythical protagonists within it whose voices determine its different registers, inflections and tones.

The poem lyrically and thematically emphasises his position of solitude by incorporating in its second section a powerful critique of sexual attraction, seen from the intransigent position of Narcisse as a monstrously deceptive and fleeing union, and presented at the same time as an ironic "Tristesse d'Olympo" where the Romantic dreams of lovers remembering are seen as inevitably falling short once more of the mind's desired fusion with itself and the world.

Despite these reservations, the overall impression produced by Ms Crow's book is very far from being

simply negative. Its real effect is a powerful sense of frustration. Whatever her gifts in the matter of exposition may or may not be, one cannot fail to sense that she is a superlative reader of Valéry. It is not just that she has "done her homework" to a daunting degree or even that she produces ample evidence of possessing a mind as acute as it is restless. There is an inwardness about Ms Crow's communion with Valéry to which no reader of Valéry can remain insensible. In spite of the barriers to communication which she herself constructs, Ms Crow succeeds in saying more good things about most of the poems than almost anyone else. And she can express herself with clarity and force. One can hardly, for example, imagine a better comment on *La Jeune Parque* than this:

It was Valéry's aim to give language its full application in poetry, to create the sensation of human nature enchanted and enslaved by the cognitive as well as creative possibilities of the word ("Faire chanter une idée de l'être vivant et pensant"). The unusually complete action on and through language carried out in *La Jeune Parque* involves us in the emotion of knowing the drama of the creative sensibility - the drama of voice - in which the Parque and, through her, image, the poem itself is engaged.

She can write movingly:

I first became acquainted with Valéry's poetry through *Le Cimetière Marin*, his most famous poem. I remember above all the sense of order it conveyed: not simply a logical order, but a deep, alert, intensely expressive order, miraculously maintained through shifts and divergencies of tone and meaning, a strangely familiar "voice" which spoke with an assurance all its own about the less assured nature of human experience - life and death, sunlight and shadow - and which seemed to issue, not from that fictitious narrator one imagined, musing in a hillside cemetery overlooking the sea, but from a source deep inside oneself "heard" only now that the poem brought it alive or reminded one of it.

And at times radiantly: "Only art can express that grief has a kind of touch when experienced from within."

It is as though Ms Crow, throughout most of her book, had chosen, quite simply, the wrong level of discourse. There is something more than understandable - about the intellectual excitement that has led her into the paths she has taken. When she writes that "the process of thought is infinite, incoherent, provisional", she is not being evasive or apologetic. She has certainly no need to be. We feel for her and with her as she shows how well she understands Valéry as he surrenders to the seductions of *la poudrière-exaltation* of incoherence which obliges the mind to create". But the reference, as it applies to Valéry, is to a poem - and to the juxtaposition of a poem, in Ms Crow's book, with a text that is not a poem because it is in prose. Valéry explicitly worshipped the intellect. But the intellect as such played nothing like the role in the gestation of his poetry that he himself is fond of claiming for it, and it is certainly not by the intellect alone that his poetry is best approached. The singer who, otherwise than by his song itself, attempts to convey his experience of singing, has no recourse but to metaphor - to poetry. Valéry's comments on his own work do not furnish even the elements of a scientific explanation: they enhance its resonance by providing a counterpoint.

It is hard not to regret the fact that Ms Crow should have been so solicited by the intellect and so tempted by visions of scientific enquiry. If only she had been content to leave Wittgenstein, Lacan and Derrida to their own devices and to call on her own considerable gifts of intuition and sympathy to produce more of the kind of commentary of which I have spoken, by means of which Valéry himself, often given us the only kind of access we shall ever have (outside of our experience of the song itself) to the mysteries of "Voice" poetry on poetry.

In place of the placenta

David Ingleby

R. D. LAING.

The Voice of Experience
178pp. Allen Lane. £7.50.
0 7139 1330 4

No merely human author could have lived up to the legend which R. D. Laing generated in the 1960s: yet this was not the only reason why his recent publications have come as a disappointment to so many. One sometimes suspected that the promptings of the publisher had been louder than those of the muse. A burnt-out case? On the evidence of *The Voice of Experience*, far from it: here, finally, is a book both coherent in its design and sustained in its intensity. If, at the end of the day, Laing's argument seems almost to invite its own rejection, we will have lost a few comfortable certainties by the time we get this far.

The kernel of the book is a set of wildly "unscientific" ideas about the human mind, and Laing starts out with a pre-emptive strike against science itself. His concern is with human experience: science has nothing to say about this worth listening to, since the methods used to investigate the objective world, applied to us, are blind to our experience, necessarily so, and cannot relate to our experience. Such blind method, applied blindly to us, is liable to destroy us in practice, as it has done in theory.

According to Laing the world of science is created by operations which "exclude immediate experience in all its apparent capriciousness from its order of discourse", starting with Galileo: scientists have sought to eliminate themselves as experiencing subjects from the picture - and having thus lost sight of themselves, have failed to recognize their own human motives. What are these motives? Science claims our dread:

It was all a machine yesterday. It is something like a hologram today. Who knows what intellectual rattle we shall be shaking tomorrow...?

"Macho" scientists seek to strip nature naked and dominate her: in the words of one biologist, "We torture Nature's secrets from her". But, Laing asks dourly, is this the best way to get to know a lady?

He is surely right when he says that science is blind to its own motives: for the most part, it shelters behind the comforting positivist notion that it doesn't have any. But something is seriously wrong with the idea that experience has no place in it: after all, appeal to experience is supposed to be the very hallmark of science. In part, the confusion is engendered by the delusion common among scientists, that laboratory operations can somehow replace "personal knowledge" - an idea which does not survive any philosophical analysis. But the basic muddle is a conceptual one, and Laing himself seems trapped in the very epistemology he attacks: for his own concepts of "experience" and "objective fact" admit no intercourse between them. "Our experience", he says, "cannot dictate to science on matters of objective fact"; since experience is all we have, "facts" would seem therefore to be unattainable - and if objectivity is for him an illusory goal, it comes as little surprise later on that Laing not only fails to make some of his own claims convincing, but doesn't seem to know how to go about doing so.

This sharp division between experience and fact takes Laing back to a position one thought he had left behind in his early works. There, he challenged the division of experience into "inner" and "outer", and showed how subjective certainty was intersubjectively constructed - or, in those unforgettable "schizophrenogenic" families, destroyed. Now, Laing's universe seems populated by nomads, locked in their private worlds, with no means of communication except perhaps, telepathy.

If scientists are blind to the nature of their own "gaze", this failing is all the more treacherous when science turns its gaze on the mind, as it does in

psychiatry. Here Laing is back on familiar ground. Twenty-two years ago, in *The Divided Self*, he presented a devastating critique of organic psychiatry, as exemplified by Kraepelin; here, he broadens the attack to include those who claim to operate outside the medical model. We see more clearly now that the critique is essentially a moral one: Laing has an unfailing eye for the callousness, the sheer effrontery of those to whom "patients" become no more than pressed flowers to add to their collection - or, in his more violent image, who "bury them alive and screaming in their tomb of words". Even if they call themselves psychoanalysts or existentialists, Laing shows, what they are best at is blaming their own bizarrely deformed way of relating to people (the "diagnostic look") on the patients themselves. Their deliberate lack of reciprocity rules out the possibility of true understanding: for one cannot expect to uncover the humanity of another without exposing at least some of one's own.

Having thus blasted off, like a jealous gamekeeper, at the encircling predators, Laing proceeds to set out his fledglings. These turn out to be exotic birds indeed. We might have mistaken his opening chapters for a defence of common sense, and ordinary experience; now, it becomes apparent that for Laing, these too have become so adulterated by scientific dogma that they are not to be trusted. Only the mad, and primitive or past cultures, seem to respect the sorts of extraordinary experience he describes here, which are simply incommensurable with both science and common sense. Reliving earlier lives, living out of one's body, casting spells and being spellbound, "hosts of raptures, ecstasies, illuminations, voices, visitations, transportations..." all these are simply hard to understand within our ordinary frame of reference, but literally impossible: "the stability of a whole world-view is threatened".

Do we really have the right, Laing asks, to consign these experiences to the deep bucket, to dismiss those who take them seriously as "over the hill"? "Stories of experiences we continue to regard as impossible continue to well up from the very depths of ourselves." Our problem is to judge between these subjectively real happenings and our objective knowledge of their impossibility: "Is there a judge of appeal within ourselves who is not an appellant?" Laing himself gives no verdict: his aim, he says, is merely to "open a space in the discourse" - the space which science has crushed out of existence.

The particular kind of "impossible experience" which interests Laing, as we know from his recent writings, concerns mental life before birth and outside the body. He considers the views of Leboyer, Freud, Rank and Winnicott on the point at which conscious life begins; then produces the startling hypothesis that the primal relationship which serves as a "template" for all others, may be that between foetus and placenta. The original "tie" is therefore a physical one, the umbilical cord; many people's deep sense of being "cut off" is a quite literal one, stemming from the breaking of this tie, and the partner they yearn for is none other than the placenta. Further back, the implantation of the blastocyst within the endometrium furnishes yet more archaic recollections; and beyond that lies the possibility of previous incarnations.

Laing marshals a formidable collection of data to support these ideas, much of it collected by anthropologists, or psychologists. Among the latter, none posited more than a metaphorical relationship between life in the womb and certain myths or mental patterns; Laing, however, argues that a causal relationship is more consistent with the data - preposterous as it may seem. But his arguments are marred by serious deficiencies. There is no analytic approach here to the concepts Laing is using. Knowing what these extraordinary claims mean purely comes before deciding whether they are true. However much he may disagree with their conclusions, Laing



It is here that his problem about connecting the world of subjective experience and objective fact comes to the fore. The "umbilical cord" that is required in this instance is the social activity of negotiating true accounts, and Laing has not much feel for that. Experience can deceive us; yet our

very ability to communicate with each other implies (and is implicit in) our ability to know when it is doing so. To convince us that the extra-ordinary experiences he describes are not deceptive, Laing would have to show that there is no satisfactory way of "explaining them away", but he does not have much patience for that. Yet it is so bizarre, for example, that a woman should dream about a baby at the time when she conceives one; or that patients should recount experiences consistent with their therapists' known beliefs? Again, though Laing may feel little in common with the many psychologists who have investigated paranoimorphia experience, this hardly entitles him to ignore their work.

As a therapist, Laing seems to have undergone a kind of regression, abandoning his earlier emphasis on the social world and reverting to a form of biological reductionism even more severe than that of the organic psychiatrists he despises. For there are many social reasons why people might feel inescapably "cut off" - some of which Laing himself uncovered, though he never got much beyond the immediate family.

To prefer a social explanation is a form of *a priori*, of course, but we are dealing here in questions of opinion

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the imaginative powers of the poet." Both critics see Humboldt's career, and that of the narrator Charlie Citrine, as illustrating the impossibility of maintaining in our time "the traditional poetic role established by the great romantics." Humboldt is the "early modernist" genius reduced by the times to living out the stereotype of the Bohemian Artist in an uncomprehending America. Citrine is "the author in a lowered season, making a comic end run", who achieves the popular success which eluded Humboldt, but by writing mostly books of a factual rather than imaginative kind: Pulitzer-prize-winning historical or biographical books.

The jointly composed film-script which Humboldt and Citrine wrote as an undergraduate *jeu d'esprit*, and whose manuscript is left to Citrine as part of Humboldt's legacy or "gift", is made into an immensely successful movie. An irony is that it is Humboldt who forswears the commercial potential of this fantastic tale of a Sicilian cannibal called Caldofredo, whereas Citrine, the connoisseur of the market, never thought it would go down with the public at all. Caldofredo (hot and cold) commits his cannibal deed in an Arctic expedition associated with the famous explorer Amundsen, and the tale also involves Stalin and Mussolini. It is, in other words, a fact-fiction fantasy, that variant of fact-fiction proper sometimes practised by Kurt Vonnegut, and thus has powerful post-modern credentials, as well as profiting from a minor cannibal boom in recent letters. No wonder it went down big.

The factuality of fiction, and especially the fictionality of fact, is a great theme of the Contemporary Writers series. Several of the volumes are heavily into post-realism, not only the ones on novelists, but also Digby's volume on Joe Orton: the drama, we learn, is even more inescapably "fictive" than fiction (though the novel remains the measuring rod, and Digby's discussion opens with citations from Robbe-Grillet and John Hawkes to the effect that plot, character and the "Conventions of realism" belong to the past).

One of the features of post-realism is that it is obsessed with realism and can't leave it alone. Both Vonnegut and Fowles are rather spectacular cases in point, and Klinkowitz and Conrad offer some necessarily laboured glosses on their respective novelists' witty and knowing experiments with the modes of realist writing. I say necessarily laboured, because the paradoxes do need explaining to uninitiated readers, and are bound to lose some of their shine in the process. There is also a degree of sameness in some of the glosses, a feeling that they could apply interchangeably to either novelist. For novels are more unlike one another than *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and it is sometimes cause for alarm that at the level of abstraction at which critical concepts customarily operate similar things can so freely be said, without being manifestly wrong, about very dissimilar books.

If reality is a fiction or "illusion", then that other "illusion", which Flaubert described as a total surrender to a story's "truth", and therefore as the supreme achievement of realist art, is doubly illusory, a slight-of-hand or "illusion from 'illusion'". A feature not only of recent but of much early modern writing has been to accept and display, rather than conceal, the element of fraud which is thus seen to be inherent in art itself, sometimes proclaiming, in a secondary loop, the superior truth of lies. A common consequence has been not the "discarding of literary conventions, especially those of highly ordered or 'well-made' genres, but a determination to bring their workings selfconsciously into view." Digby brings out well the relations between Orton's plays and some of the more stylized traditions of stage comedy, and he and several others note the presence, in Orton, Vonnegut, Pynchon and Fowles of conventions of the detective story or spy thriller. On this, Fowles himself has written brilliantly in "The Enigma" (especially about his explorer does his best to find the answer). The detective tale is in this sense the paradigm of fiction, presenting a mystery in a closed

world of signs so constructed as to permit the illusion of a total decoding. This Fowles "ironizes", as well he might.

The to-ing and fro-ing between the "real" and the "fictive" which leads to ostentatious displays of artifice, however, often leads also to an opposite insistence on the "reality" of such operations, not only in the special sense in which some lies are heightened truths, but in a plain colloquial-reductive sense ranging from old-fashioned life-likeness to (more or less) pure and simple fact. The fact-fiction novel, whether in its primarily fictional guises (Doctorow's *Ragtime*, Vonnegut's *Mother Night* or *Julibird*) or as mainly factual material "novelistically" treated (Capote's *In Cold Blood*, Mailer's *Execution Song*), confirms the existence of that hunger for "fact" amid the implicit delights of artifice which ensured the success of the Humboldt-Citrine film-script, and in a still simpler sense made Citrine a best-selling author of factual rather than fictional books.

Mailer has for many years avoided going in favour of "novelized" reportage. A *Fire on the Moon*, the book Kerman chooses for his discussion, concerns itself not only with fact, but with scientific-technological fact at that. A character in *Slaughterhouse-Five* had already noticed Mailer going one better still: "people couldn't read well enough anymore . . . so that authors had to do what Norman Mailer did, which was to perform in public what he had written." This remark may contain an allusion to a well-known episode in one of Mailer's novels as well as to his works of novelized reportage, and has a more general bearing on Mailer's proclaimed ambition, as reported by Philip Buthitis, "to validate the ideas advanced in his books by eventually acting them out in the world". Kerman reports that Mailer-Aquarius dislikes that modernist art which displays rather than disguises its fictionality, but it is arguable that his outlook shares an essential impulse of many literary avant-gardes (whether modernist, post-modernist, or other), which is to blur the distinction between language and gesture, to convert "happening" into art and vice versa. Mailer's insight in this light appears as a butch or populist version of something for which the officially accredited post-modernists provide a mandarin counter-part.

The allusion in *Slaughterhouse-Five* also embraces a *machismo* which professes action rather than talk, an insistent masculinity even more memorably described by Brigid Brophy, writing on *The Prisoner of Sex* in 1971: "Mr. Mailer writes in the third person, presumably because the pronoun 'I' wouldn't remind the reader of the author's presence. It is a lie, it takes it he's accumulating these references against the dread day when the world turns out to contain a Mr. Norman Mailer." It is amusing that Mailer protesting his factuality by performing what he writes should be (in a Mailerian phrase) "not unreminiscent" of his protesting his "maleness" by using the third person when talking about himself.

That third person is not of course a device to distance the discourse or make it impersonal. It is a cute way of parading, not concealing, Number One. Fact-fiction offers particular scope to an author determined to assert his own centrality in the making of history. Mailer-Aquarius is participant in an important part of the Apollo-11 story, trading on whatever circumstantial authentication is provided by historical events, while at the same time allowing the winking novelistic mannerism to signal a saving awareness of being engaged in a fictional sport. The bit of self-mockery serves to inflate rather than deflate, drawing that slithering attention to the mocker which is one of the marks of post-modernist writing.

In Vonnegut it takes an even more comical form. "I have always rigged my stories so as to include the two main areas of disagreement which, as the reader will easily perceive, barf from my own rather different understanding of ancient poetry. These are the place of morality in ancient literature, and the role of rhetoric in the composition and interpretation of it. Russell plainly dislikes the idea that ancient literature

printed word again": the remark coincides with an increasingly direct autobiographical element in his more recent novels.

Vonnegut is the kind of writer who will cheerfully report that the *New Yorker* called one of his books "a series of narcissistic giggles" and make that sound like another narcissistic giggle (over here, we should note that he has taken the measure of us too: "There is an almost intolerable sentimentality beneath everything I write. British critics complain about it"). A typical example of the self-cherishing giggle indulged on a scale that can only be called systematic is the narrator's declaration in *Slaughterhouse-Five* that "I really will stop writing 'Hi ho' all the time. Hi ho", followed by continuous repetition of the phrase throughout the book. Connoisseurs say that it is not Vonnegut who is speaking but his persona, like Sterne and Tristram Shandy and such, but for this Vonnegut has an answer which ought to be posted on every maskman's door: "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be."

It is indeed a decayed Shandyism, down to what Klinkowitz correctly says of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, that it "is a book about writing and is now [I] being written". Fiction which reveals its own fictionality has always been

strong on reminders of the author's "presence", as Flaubert knew when he so insistently advocated authorial self-effacement. Some post-modern fabulators seem to have convinced themselves so thoroughly of the fictionality of everything that they need constantly to reassure themselves and us of their own existence. The idea is to be visible, "now", alive and not so much kicking as panting friskily in your face. Such excesses of nudging self-importance were parodied by Swift, of Fabulation Studies, regards as an ancestor of Vonnegut. Swift's jeering might almost be addressed to Sterne *avant la lettre*, which makes Swift post-Swiftian. Sterne knew it, accepted and outpaced the derision, and helped us all on our post-modern way.

Tanner sums it all up in the fine historical sweep of his concluding paragraph on Pynchon:

We might want to cite *Tristram Shandy* as an earlier experimental novel that lies behind him; but then Sterne points us in turn back to Rabelais and both bear the mark of *Don Quixote* (as does Pynchon) - which is, in a manner of speaking, where the novel as we know it in the West began.

After this, what more is there to say except that if Tanner is telling us that *Don Quixote* preceded Rabelais, there is one further point he has not

missed, which is that of post-history?

What has Seamus Heaney to do with all this, or Blake Morrison's very good book about him? Morrison makes sporadic efforts to integrate Heaney into the post-modern scene, noticing some self-division, a layering of "often obscure allusions", the "forcing of traditional forms to accept the challenge of harsh, intractable material", elements of "a literature that is about itself". But these things are not confined to post-modernism, and Morrison is properly half-hearted about the connection, asserting individuality and difference more than the supposed conformity. He knows Heaney's Romantic inheritance but perhaps underplays this, traditional element: the silences and inarticulacies of Heaney's characters have more in common with the stern Northern taciturnities of Wordsworthian rustics than with the metallicities of later times.

Morrison does not allow himself to be sidetracked too far. His book is a model of what this kind of introduction ought to be: informative, but unpunctuating, very good at the difficult art of choosing passages for quotation, skilful in explaining occasional obscurities without intrusive exegetical fuss, and sensitive and authoritative in judgment. If more books like this one are on the way, they will in due course give this series a different look. It needs it.

Not quite critic

Francis Cairns

D. A. RUSSELL:
Criticism in Antiquity
219pp, Duckworth, £18.
0 7156 1516 5

Works of the genre "Ancient Literary Criticism" have tended to produce a sinking feeling among classical scholars concerned with Greek and Roman poetry. English-language examples to date have ranged from the appalling (Donohue) through the good (D'Alton, Atkins) to the good (Grube). But they have all given the impression that "Ancient Literary Criticism" has little to tell us about ancient literature. D. A. Russell's *Criticism in Antiquity* is a novel and sophisticated member of the genre and in many ways an advance on its predecessors. Its coverage is broader and as well as giving a historical summary of ancient criticism it offers instruction on inspiration, poetry as style, classification of literature, and literary history. Together these chapters, although not all of equal cogency, do begin to show how ancient criticism can be exploited to further our understanding of ancient literature.

The texture and tone of the book reflect the long meditation which has gone into it: it is studied with observations of detail and mature insights which are genuinely illuminating. Russell's decision to combine a chronological approach with a diachronic one has allowed him to bring freshness to what might have seemed hackneyed topics; but this has been achieved at the price of a large measure of difficulty. The book is not an easy one to read, not just because of obscurities of detail but because the frequent changes of topic and direction are confusing - and for long stretches it is impossible to know where the argument is going. Better signposting could have helped. But in essence the difficulty springs from Russell's wrestling with a novel form and with new solutions to old problems. It is the book's originality which will make it a worthwhile for scholars and advanced students. The "literary students" whose Greek and Latin is perhaps vestigial (Preface) will have a sad and unprofitable time.

This is not an appropriate setting for objections of detail. I confine myself to two main areas of disagreement which, as the reader will easily perceive, barf from my own rather different understanding of ancient poetry. These are the place of morality in ancient literature, and the role of rhetoric in the composition and interpretation of it. Russell plainly dislikes the idea that ancient literature

has as one of its primary aims the propagation of moral attitudes. But here, as Russell shows, plentiful evidence that the overwhelming view in antiquity among writers and their audiences was along these lines. Modern rejection of such notions is neither here nor there. The aim of scholars must be to apply to ancient literature sympathetic techniques of interpretation which will show, as have, for example, J. G. Howie's treatments of Sappho and Alcaeus, and C. W. Macleod's work on a range of poets from Homer to Horace, how the intelligent handling of moral questions by ancient writers is an important part of their contribution to the societies in which they lived.

An even hotter potato than morality is rhetoric. There are still in the world of Anglo-Saxon classical scholarship many who have not woken up to the fact that the concept of rhetoric as a dirty word is entirely post-Romantic and that in all cultures up to that point there is continuity and considerable overlap between rhetoric and poetry. Russell is, of course, not one of their number. But he is unfortunately one of that other numerous group who, where classical poetry is concerned, rather wish it were not so. Here it must be pointed out that his discussions of this topic are entirely and sometimes painfully honest - and it is this honesty which makes him open to attack. Time and time again he indicates up against the ancient world his own remarks on it - but rather than face up to its implications he draws sometimes quite elaborate, which amount to nothing more than (in my words) "poetry is not like that". It is one of the real problems in the book that Russell, whose expertise in ancient rhetoric is equalled by few, either seems to feel dislike and disdain for rhetoric or believes that to associate it with poetry is almost sacrilegious.

No one in their senses would claim that Virgil or Horace slavishly followed the prescriptions of rhetoricians - although that is what this reviewer is sometimes alleged to believe. But it seems entirely sensible, given that a rhetorical training and that much rhetoric originally derives from poetry, to seize on any hint to be found in the sources, which can help us to understand what the poets are up to. If that is so, then any book on "Ancient Literary Criticism" should contain a sympathetic treatment of the *progymnasmata*, the elementary exercises of the rhetorical schools. These go back to Hellenistic times and earlier, and they constitute the lowest common denominator of educated culture. Russell declines to do this; and his reason for declining is one of a number of justifications of his position

which strike me as inadequate: "If the student grew up to be a poet - an Ovid, for example - he might go on performing these exercises in verse, though if he was a good poet they would play only a minor role in his processes of composition" (my italics).

"Ancient Literary Criticism" also requires proper handling of the major branches of rhetoric, the dicanic, symbouleitic and epideictic divisions. With epideictic in particular, the prescriptions for, and the surviving examples of, speeches from the Second Sophistic deserve prominent attention. They are reminiscent of earlier poetry and whatever their relationship to it, whether these rhetorical texts draw

on earlier poetry, or whether earlier poets had access to forerunners of the rhetorical texts, or both, they should not be virtually ignored, as they have been by Russell. One reason for modern dissatisfaction with the so-called ancient literary critics is that these unfortunate were for the most part not trying to be literary critics at all. Indeed, as Russell himself constantly demonstrates, there was no such concept as "literary criticism" in antiquity, and a *kritikos* was not a "literary critic". The gap can in part be filled by a proper exploitation of ancient rhetoric.

It is perhaps Russell's underlying belief that a "good" poet and rhetoric cannot have much to do with each other that has caused what is, to me, a staggering omission. Even though there is a chapter on "Narrative, the Roman Empire", the greatest poet of the post-Augustan Roman Empire is not mentioned there or anywhere else. This is, of course, P. Papinius Statius, author of the epic *Thebais* and of the *Silvae*. The latter work, composed in the final two decades of the first century AD, contains many major poems written in accordance with the prescriptions of epideictic rhetoric; and in some cases, Statius himself placed over them titles which are those of rhetorical epideictic speeches. An approach to "Ancient Literary Criticism" which ignores the achievements of a major poet who explicitly acknowledges the overlap between rhetoric and poetry cannot ultimately do justice to the rest of ancient literature.

After Innocence: *Visions of the Fall in Modern Literature*, edited by Terry Otten (230pp, University of Pittsburgh Press, \$19.95, 0-8229-3453-1) is a collection of critical essays on the subject of the fall from childhood innocence as a theme in literature. In the essays, comparisons are made between the treatment of this position by Blake, Byron and Shelley and Keats, and are drawn between individual works such as *Turn of the Screw* and *Lord of the Flies*; *Alice in Wonderland* and *2001: Space Odyssey*.

Copyrights and wrongs: D. H. Lawrence

Michael Holroyd and Sandra Jobson

Most writers have a rough-and-ready knowledge of the law of copyright in their country. In the United Kingdom, the normal period of protection lasts for fifty years after the author's death; works not published until after his or her death are protected until fifty years from the end of the calendar year in which publication first took place. An indefinite term of protection surrounds unpublished material. The same posthumous copyright period obtains in Ireland, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Denmark and Greece; and this may be extended in Belgium, France and Italy for one or more periods of war. Only in the Federal Republic of Germany does posthumous copyright persist for as long as seventy years. In America the recent copyright law confers on new books a seventy-five year period of protection from the year of publication. In all these countries the copyright period has gradually been lengthening until it is now in danger of benefiting the dead author at some expense to the living.

It is a peculiar feature of modern copyright law that books today are usually given the opportunity of earning royalties over a longer period when their authors are dead than while they were alive. Whom these royalties are paid to is initially a matter of the author's will. But long before copyright lapses the *antidotes* are often going to people unknown to them who have also inherited the power to prevent publication of any of their works and even to stop substantial quotations from them by other writers.

The situation is frequently eccentric. W. H. Auden, for example, left his estate to his friend Chester Kallman, who died leaving everything to his father, a dentist. He then died and, within two or three years of Auden's death, this American dentist's second wife became the beneficiary of the Auden literary estate.

D. H. Lawrence left no will, but his widow Frieda, having successfully argued in court that he had made one in 1914 which was lost, was granted Letters of Administration. She then married their ex-landlord at Spotorno, Major Angelo Ravagli. When she died in 1956 the Lawrence literary estate went equally to the children of her first marriage to Professor Weekley (Lawrence starred as co-respondent in the divorce) - and to the family of Ravagli (with whom Frieda had committed adultery in Spotorno). For the last quarter of a century, whenever one of Lawrence's works was set for an English Literature examination, filmed by a cinema or television company, or bought by some reader in a bookshop, whenever one of his poems or short stories was reprinted by a publisher in an anthology, the royalties went equally to the Weekleys and the Ravagis.

When Lawrence died intestate in March 1930 his effects were valued at £2,436 16s 5d. Within fifty years of his death his literary estate had become Gerald Pollinger, "one of the biggest". Accurate records of this income are not available but may reasonably be estimated at well into six figures per year - the estate of George Orwell being worth around £100,000 a year; those of C. S. Lewis and A. A. Milne £250,000 a year and that of Beatrix Potter over a million pounds a year.

The credit for this financial success must partly lie with Gerald Pollinger. It was his father, Laurence Pollinger, who helped to quash speculation that Frieda and Middleton Murry had (in the words of one Lawrence scholar, Keith Sagar) "cooked the will". He had been authorized to give Lawrence's two sisters and his brother £250 each in return for dropping their claim against Frieda - an offer which they accepted and which was recently defined by Gerald Pollinger as "generous".

The Lawrence copyrights were due to start coming into the public domain at the end of 1980 in the United Kingdom, and at various intervals in the near future in America. Within the American Union there has been a flourishing Lawrence industry and it was in America (once the centre of

much enterprising copyright piracy) that an ingenious argument was advanced for extending the deadline for another full period - seventy-five years in America and fifty in the United Kingdom. Several distinguished publishers, including Methuen, Collins, Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press, had brought out scholarly editions of Shakespeare and other long-dead authors. They had claimed (and no one had challenged this claim) that what was technically called the reversion of an out-of-copyright text could attract a new copyright if an expert revised it, correcting what he judged to be errors (misprints, idle punctuation, literals) and establishing an "authoritative" version. Since this exercise had been successfully carried out with Shakespeare, argued the Americans, why should it not be tried on a modern writer such as Lawrence with a mass market, living beneficiaries and an active literary agent?

An initial incentive seems to have been the widely-held belief that many of Lawrence's books, and especially the major novels such as *Sons and Lovers*, *Women in Love*, *The Rainbow* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, had been adulterated in the publishing process, with sentences, paragraphs and even whole pages omitted, and differing texts competing with one another. Here was the opportunity for a massive exercise in recension that would provide generous scope for establishing new and authoritative texts and, coincidentally, create a profitable new copyright.

This argument was apparently inspired by two doyens of Lawrence Studies in America, Lawrence's bibliographer Dr Warren F. Roberts, and his biographer the late Harry T. Moore. Together with Cambridge University Press, which had decided to publish a seven-volume edition of Lawrence's letters, they approached Gerald Pollinger with a proposal to re-introduce Lawrence's complete works with fully revised texts, and to compile the dense landscape of copyright. Helmsmann have no plans as yet to make use of the Cambridge University Press recalls that Mr Pollinger was "pleasantly surprised" by this felicitous plan.

A contract between Cambridge University Press and the Lawrence Estate was signed and an academic editorial board set up under Dr Warren Roberts and a leading British Lawrence scholar, Professor James Bolton. Experts were invited to submit prospectuses outlining their schemes for editing specific texts. It was expected that the whole project of about forty volumes would take ten years or more to bring out. The first books (including *Apocalypse*, *The Last Girl*, and the first volume of the letters) appeared shortly after the copyright deadline.

Cambridge University Press have been prepared to invest over a million pounds in this new Lawrence edition, which "of course represents a new copyright" announced Michael Black who described the Cambridge Lawrence as an "interesting departure from the normal run of scholarly editions in that it is indissolubly linked with the copyright of the main works themselves". By this, he apparently meant that it was a departure for the copyright in a new edition of text to be combined with other copyright claims asserted by the beneficiaries. The precise claims were spelt out in one of the first Cambridge volumes:

This, the Cambridge edition of the text of *The Last Girl* now correctly established from the original sources and first published in 1981, © the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli 1981. Introduction and notes © Cambridge University Press 1981. Permission to reproduce this text, entire or in part, or to quote from it, can be granted only by the Literary Executor of the Estate, Laurence Pollinger Ltd., 18 Maddox Street, Mayfair, London W1R 0EU. Permission to reproduce the introduction and notes entire or in part should be requested from Cambridge University Press.

It is when the "corrupt" edition of *The Last Girl* is compared with the cleaned version that the implications

of this elaborate copyright notice begin to seem excessive. The new edition corrects the spelling of the hero's name (Ciccio), restores two phrases, one complete sentence and a passage of sixteen lines in which this cleaned and corrected hero "has his will of the delightfully-submissive heroine", as a critic noted in the *Economist*. "For the rest, the changes consist of numerous but minor alterations of punctuation and spelling."

In an article for *The Times Higher Educational Supplement* in June 1979, Michael Black described many of the old Lawrence texts as hopelessly corrupt. The purified narratives, stripped of their scholarly apparatus, would be leased, he hoped, to the traditional publishers of Lawrence, Heinemann, and Penguin Books (which fought the courageous and expensive legal battle over *Lady Chatterley's Lover*) for general and popular editions. The old editions of Lawrence, he added, might continue to circulate but the Lawrence Estate would insist on the corrupt text being identified with a mark of disapproval.

In the event it has been another paperback publisher, Granada, which has signed an agreement with Cambridge University Press and Pollinger to bring out the mass-market version of this new edition, with introductions by Melvyn Bragg. Negotiations between Pollinger and Penguin broke down when Penguin refused Pollinger's conditions of a seven and a half per cent royalty and a guarantee that all books would remain perpetually in print. Penguin also understood that they were being asked, through Pollinger's lawyer, to advertise all existing Penguin editions as "Defective". "We flatly refused," said a senior executive at Penguin. "We are glad to be out of it." Instead they have decided to bring out a new edition of the old texts, they say, by some of the same scholars who are working on the Cambridge edition. It is a programme which may further complicate the dense landscape of copyright. Helmsmann have no plans as yet to make use of the Cambridge University Press recalls that Mr Pollinger was "pleasantly surprised" by this felicitous plan.

Gerald Pollinger is recognized in the book trade as an enterprising and zealous agent who works hard for his clients. Authors rely on agents to deal with all this highly important, but also highly unexciting, business of copyright. It is often a tricky matter because so much of it, untested in the courts and expensive to take to court, is built round comforting, inexact phrases such as "a substantial part", "fair dealing" and "sufficient acknowledgement".

How much may be quoted from a copyright work without permission? The Society of Authors' Quick Guide on copyright answers this question as follows:

Generally speaking it is an infringement to quote "a substantial part" of a copyright work without permission. The Copyright Act 1956 does not define what by means by "substantial" but in one case 4 lines from a 32-line poem were held to amount to "a substantial part". Other legal precedents indicate that the quality of the "part" and its value to the user must be taken into account as well as its length in determining whether it is "substantial". Even a "substantial" quotation from a copyright work may not be an infringement if it is "fair dealing", or for purposes of criticism or review, or provided it is "accompanied" by a "sufficient acknowledgement"; but the term "fair dealing" is another not defined in the Copyright Act.

To some publishers, Gerald Pollinger's interpretation of "substantial" and especially perhaps "fair dealing" appears to have been over-generous to his clients. His job, as literary agent, has been unwittingly to exploit these copyrights for the maximum advantage of the Lawrence Estate. Mr Pollinger is an honourable man who aims to work within the complex situation that now appears to exist in the wake of the law. But in asserting, as he is understood to have

done, that all the old editions of Lawrence are now back in copyright, he has put forward a claim that, if unchallenged, would have extraordinary consequences. A simple reading of the 1956 Copyright Act suggests that all those books which Lawrence published in his lifetime in the United Kingdom entered the public domain at the beginning of 1981. But if Pollinger's definition of the law is correct, then the filtering through a scholarly process of any manuscript which reveals differences to the printed text automatically gives its author's work a posthumous copyright of up to 100 years in the United Kingdom, 140 years in the Federal Republic of Germany and 150 years in America.

The well-known copyright solicitor Michael Rubinstein (who has acted for Pollinger) takes a different view of the current copyright law. Those parts of the Cambridge texts which are unchanged from other printed texts and which came out of copyright at the end of 1980 (that is, most of Lawrence's published work) may be quoted freely, he says, without permission or payment. The new edition does possess a new copyright, he adds, but this does not affect the copyright position of the old editions. This appears to agree with the opinion at the Cambridge University Press. "I gather," wrote Michael Black earlier this year, "that the topic is of concern". To try and clarify what was admitted to be a "quite complicated" situation, Cambridge University Press circulated a long statement above Michael Black's signature in February in which it acknowledged that a good many of the old texts are now in the public domain. "I would further agree that when the Cambridge texts are out, and comparisons can be made," Michael Black continued,

in many places in many texts the old version will either stand, or be accepted by many people as good enough for working purposes, and I do not mean to say that Cambridge can realistically attempt to restrict the use of this material because it cannot demonstrate that distinctive features of the Cambridge edition are involved. The Estate take a different view about this. Where we agree is that in principle it is desirable that the Cambridge text should be used for serious scholarship and student use, and that we have the right to control that use, on the normal basis that permission is secured for anything more than "fair dealing".

The question that concerns many scholars, writers and publishers is how much of the Cambridge edition constitutes a new copyright. There can be no doubt that the copyright notice at the beginning of *The Last Girl* and other books so far issued, despite the subsequent circular sent out by Michael Black, is closer to Pollinger's original view and suggests that even when pretty well no change whatever (except the imposition of a house style) has been made in the narrative, it has still been subjected to the editorial process which establishes a new copyright. Who is to say that the insertion of a comma is not a "substantial" change? This puts critics in a difficult position. If they quote from the Cambridge edition, even sections that remain almost identical to the old texts, they must seek and pay for permission. There is, in any case, academic pressure for them to use these new texts in place of the ones which, though often the same, have been labelled defective.

The Cambridge University Press statement entitled *Copyright, scholarly editions, and the Cambridge Lawrence texts* forward a rather dangerous argument with great sympathy, logic and persuasiveness. Textual scholars, it points out, spend years of their lives working on editions of the classics and publishers invest large sums of money in these editions. It is therefore only fair and sensible that their joint enterprise should enjoy legal protection. A separate copyright in such works belongs to the publisher who manages it and a "return" is paid, usually on a royalty basis, to the scholar-editor. The "blue of profit" which in the case of popular and

student editions may be considerable) goes to the publisher. This process, which is now being extended to include other "classic modern authors" (Pollinger has hopes for adding to Richard Church's posthumous copyright; and Cambridge University Press will be bringing out a new copyright edition of Conrad) whose books have recently or will fairly shortly be entering the public domain. That authors' texts go wrong is not surprising, "to those who know what circumstance in a author's life or the productions of his books deflect him from his intentions, or subvert them after his death". In such circumstances it is the duty and moral privilege of the publisher who "has established the author and perhaps profited by him, to produce a critical edition" which, properly prepared, "is a distinct copyright in itself".

Since the editor works over all the text, the Cambridge argument runs, "this editorial decision is not just about what is changed but also about what is unchanged". Every word, every mark of punctuation must be examined before, in the great majority of cases, it is allowed to stand exactly as it was. For the editor is applying to the entire text a principle or procedure which he explains in his introduction and displays in his *apparatus criticus* and notes. As for the old texts, they "ought to disappear from the market". Though there will not be significant changes of substance in all the forty volumes of the Cambridge Lawrence, the correction of misprints, the stripping off of housestyling, even the most trivial alteration of punctuation is "like cleaning a picture and enjoying it afresh". Therefore "all the texts in the edition, in all their particulars, are a new copyright", and this helps to

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"secure recognition" for the editors. If their books could instantly be re-used or pirated without restriction or redress, scholars would have "no incentive to devote years of their lives to this sort of work", and publishers "would be mad" to go on publishing it.

Not all critics and scholars, not even all Lawrence scholars, agree with this argument. John Sutherland, for example, fears that Cambridge may well insist on exclusive access for their editors to the primary manuscript sources, in which case "there will be a real congestion of Lawrence scholarship" and a precedent for postponing "the moment of emancipation for scholarship". In struggling to get the letters of Lawrence right, these scholars may well be thwarting the spirit of the man and his work. "Lawrence hated the whole business of turning art into property", Sutherland points out. "He really deserves to be freely available. He wanted to be read, not owned."

Dr Keith Sagar has already experienced some of the congestion that Dr Sutherland predicts. When his latest book on Lawrence was published two years ago, he was criticized for not quoting enough from the unpublished correspondence. In a letter to the *Observer* (March 9, 1980) Sagar replied: "I would have quoted much more extensively from unpublished material, had there not been an embargo enforced by the Cambridge University Press. This will apply to all publications on Lawrence other than their own for many years to come." Dr Sagar, who has become a client of Gerald Pollinger and been appointed one of the editors of the Cambridge edition of Lawrence's letters, has nevertheless questioned the moral authority for adding, in the case of

Sons and Lovers for example, a good deal of material that was edited out of the original manuscript by Edward Garnett. Lawrence, he reminds us, was perfectly happy with Garnett's editing, writing to him: "You did the pruning jolly well, and I am grateful. I hope you'll live a very long time, to barter my novels for me before they're published. I wish I were not so profligate or prolix."

Another Lawrence scholar, Professor Emile Delevaney, describes the Cambridge editorial policy as "insidious". It is wrong, he suggests, to amalgamate different versions of a text. "Would I", he asks, "as an author, want my earlier drafts of a work to be published? Of course not." The practice of paying royalties to the living editor of a dead author is one that risks exploiting in a sinister way the separate and sometimes conflicting disciplines of the textual scholar and creative writer. The "new" authentic text may be the writer's "old" rejected narrative. The argument that the scholar retrospectively knows more about the author's "real" intentions than the author (tied to his trade house editor) knew himself in his lifetime is in danger of becoming oversophisticated.

Not all novelists and poets would give the same answer to Professor Delevaney's question. In a Prefatory Note to the 1949 edition of his novel *Of Mornin' Love*, which has just been reissued as a Penguin Modern Classic, William Golding wrote:

There is a chagrin of authors, not shared or realised by readers and ignored by librarians, a pious wish, for ever thwarted, to withdraw from circulation earlier, unperfected, inferior texts and versions of his books, to be replaced by a revised

edition, and frustrate the nonsense of first editions.

This view would probably have been shared, at least to some degree, by W. H. Auden, Henry James and George Moore. But a different attitude is taken by Margaret Drabble, a corrected typescript of whose novel *The Middle Ground* (with "numerous corrections in ball-point, many pages with new sections affixed by adhesive tape... autograph notes and jottings") was recently sold at Sotheby's. In so far as it differs from the published novel, the typescript may contain one substantial passage that the author would have preferred to keep in. It would however, be wrong to deduce from this that she would want it re-instated. What she has written, she has published: and it must stand at that.

What disturbs some writers is the marriage between scholarship and commerce. It is, apparently, bad publishing that gives publishers the opportunity for repossessing copyright. "I find it difficult to suppress resentment," wrote Sutherland last year, "that it is only fifty years after Lawrence's death, and two years after Lawrence's death, that the British publishing industry should, with a flourish, tell us that our texts are hopelessly inadequate."

Academic scholars attached to universities do not traditionally depend, like self-employed writers, on a royalty system and the general market place. Good scholarly work may well earn money through academic tenure and promotion. The analogy of textual scholarship with the cleaning of pictures is a pretty one. That itself is a controversial operation that confers no extra copyright on the picture. To enshrine impaired unpublished versions of a narrative,

with the full majesty of copyright is not necessarily in the best interests of literature, however ingenious the textual deciphering. Virginia Woolf, for example, seems to have written several drafts of her biography of Roger Fry. However interesting these might be to contemporary biographers, it would surely be inappropriate to make use of what she called this "fearful niggling drudgery" to manufacture a new Virginia Woolf copyright.

Of course, there have been passages in various books that, because of one law or another, were excised: and it is proper that, in due course, when the law permits it, these passages should be restored. But the edition should survive its mere inclusion in the open market. The annotations introduction and other scholarly apparatus are all naturally protected by copyright and should ensure that the edition is recommended to students. This is the position with Thomas Hardy, whose work (especially the poetry) was "cleaned" shortly before it recently came out of copyright. Yet there is a Gibson "Variorum" edition in open competition with a Hynes "Complete" edition, published by Macmillan and Oxford University Press respectively. Although their edition is superior to the older texts, Macmillan did not feel they had any moral or legal right to pull Hardy back into the orbit of copyright.

Where perhaps everyone would agree is that the present copyright chaos arises from the extraordinary lack of priority given by the Government to copyright reform. It is now nearly ten years since the Whitford Committee was appointed. The rights of authors have been seriously diminished, retreating before the spectacular advance of technology;

partly because of the difficulty—and in some areas impossibility—of preventing infringements. A blanket licensing scheme for audio and video recording, and a licensing scheme for reprography are urgently needed. The British Copyright Council has recommended an extension of the posthumous copyright period from fifty to seventy years, to bring it into line with Germany. If such a change is not to operate against the interests of literary critics, biographers and modern historians then, at some stage, posthumous copyright should change its nature and pass into a Paying Public Domain administered by trustees for the benefit of living authors. "There would be no restriction on the use of works in this category," argued Antonia Fraser in support of this proposal. From as early as 1974 writers have been pressing for such an enterprising variation of copyright. "It would seem sensible, in this way, to put the well-being of the whole profession before the hypothetical good-fortune of our children and grand-children," wrote Piers Paul Read. "Nor does there seem to be any reason why the fears of publishers, biographers and those sensitive to the threat of State censorship should not be dispelled in the drafting of the amendment to the Copyright Act."

After the detailed Whitford Report the Government has, heartbreakingly, thrown the whole issue open again to yet more "lively debate". More than twenty years ago the trial over the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* led to the reform to Britain's obscenity laws. It would be fitting if Lawrence's work could render a similar service now to our laws of copyright.

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commentary

The magician meditates

David Nokes

SHAKESPEARE
The Tempest
Royal Shakespeare Theatre

"The isle is full of noises": Ron Daniels has taken his cue from Caliban for this new production of *The Tempest* at the main house at Stratford. We are offered a Desert Island Disc show that descends the musical scale from Ariel's sweet airs and fiery lyrics that hang like promises in the air, to the twanging brass and timpani of a golden masque of Juno. This production treats the play not as a brooding chamber-piece, cast within a magic circle, but as an operatic spectacular, with Prospero as impresario in his exotic island retreat. Maria Bjornson's set of a wrecked spectral baroque, with cobwebbed rigging and tattered sails, is both highly serviceable, and lends a backstage enchantment to the stage. Ariel (Mark Rylance) is an androgynous punk, in a body-stocking of exposed veins and sinews, that makes him seem less like an airy spirit, than a strange transparent sea-creature from half five fathoms deep. He is attended by a backing group of clones who hang crooning from the rigging, or hover in their iridescent parachutes. This is a magic show, and each of Prospero's conjuring tricks is the occasion for a *coup de théâtre*. Ariel rises, shimmering his harpy wings to denounce the three men of sin from a candle-lit, gift-wrapped fruit-bowl. His troupe of lookalikes drive skeletal dogs with glowing snouts to hunt the other malefactors on the island.

But this is not merely a production of gimmicks, for at the centre of it all is a powerful, but low-key, interpretation of Prospero by Derek Jacobi. This is a performance whose authority comes from an unassertive humanity; from lines which are meditated rather than declaimed, and sentences that are delivered as much in sorrow as in anger. Jacobi's Prospero is a mortal, a scholar whose acquired magical skills seem to be a burden, an embarrassment and a surprise. When he announces "Our revels now are ended" there is a kind of relief mingled with the resignation in his voice. We

are made to understand the appeal of exchanging the insubstantial pageant of moral showbiz for the solid authority of a dukedom; or perhaps, in Shakespeare's terms, of renouncing the stage in favour of the retired life of a landowner.

The shipwrecked nobles at first appear like beached crustaceans, clambering awkwardly ashore beneath the weight of their heavy sea-green armour. Gradually, as the delicate atmosphere of the island steals over them, Adrian (William Haden) and

Gonzalo (Edward Jewesbury), discard their outer shells. But Antonio (Richard O'Mahoney) and Sebastian (Jeffery Dench) are hard-boiled types, a pair of Machiavellian mannequins who keep their wits and breast-plates about them. There is some fine clowning from Christopher Benjamin as Stephano, Alun Armstrong as Trinculo and Bob Peck as Caliban in routines which combine the slapstick precision of pantomime with a sly verbal patter that milks but does not drain the text. Their antics as would-be

colonists, who believe that power comes out of a barrel of fire-water, offer a striking parody of the more sophisticated power-games of Antonio and Sebastian. Stephano roars, Trinculo snivels, and Caliban, a Ben Gunn in dreadlocks, cavorts like a black-and-white monster. Alice Krige plays Miranda with a credible gawky innocence that nevertheless admits rather more than a few blushes of desire. While attending to her father she is a schoolgirl in pigtail, but when she moves through the island she is the wild thing of Caliban's dreams. Michael Maloney as Ferdinand carries logs with all the unaffected clumsiness of a vacationing undergraduate on a building site.

If there is a weakness in this production, it lies in the eclecticism of its various effects. Stephen Oliver's music plays a major part in creating the magical atmosphere of the island, yet there seems to be no unifying idiom to his sound and arrangements. The masque of Juno is a glittering set-piece in the baroque manner of Purcell, which teeters on the brink of parody. Most of the rest of the music of the isles is impressionistic and ethereal, played on electric pipes of Pan; but the set itself seems to cry out for the Romantic melodies of *The Flying Dutchman*. All things are possible to a magician, and Prospero may just as well call up spirits from *Sir Wars* as from Olympus or the Cabbala. But at times one has the impression that the old showman is clearing out his props cupboard for Positively His Final Appearance.

Yet by the end, Jacobi's softly-spoken magician has developed such an intimacy with the audience that his epilogue strikes us not as a conventional set-piece, but as a thoughtful challenge both to himself and to us. We have seen him give up the role of playing God, and shrink from a magus to a mortal. Ariel has been released, to make the best, or the worst, of his freedom. The powers have all been switched off; we are left to our own devices in a Godless universe, with only the remembered images of Prospero's pageant to guide us. "My ending is despair / Unless I be relieved by prayer," Prospero's renunciation of his magical powers as the stage lights dim, becomes a moving symbolic event that ignites the light of our consciences.



"A Gentleman of the Anacreontic Society", a mezzatint by Henry Kingsbury after Francis Wheatley, to be included in the sale of prints at Phillips on September 13.

Disenchanted evening

Martin Dodsworth

SHAKESPEARE
Hamlet
Donmar Warehouse

Theatres tend to perpetuate the idea that the stage is a magic space where wonders are presented by flooding it with light and leaving the audience in darkness. In Shakespeare's time this device was not possible; the public playhouses depended on daylight, and it is hard to imagine the quality of illusion they could bestow. The apron-stage was raised above the audience, so that, being beneath the actor, people would feel to some extent in his power; on the other hand, it was possible to sit on the stage itself to see the play. When Brecht described Shakespeare's theatre as "earthly, profane and lacking in magic" it was partly to legitimize his own experiments, but there was some warrant for his account, even if ambiguous. Jonathan Miller's new *Hamlet* is an impressive demonstration of how such an unmagical theatre might work.

He uses none of the obvious Brechtian devices — this is not a derivative production. But everything is directed towards a sense of what is "profane and lacking in magic". The costumes, for example, pay their homage to history in the form of farthingales and ruffs and doublets. They are exquisite; but all are in the same shade of grey, relieved only by a

touch of white here and there — just elegant enough to assure us that they are unremarkable by design. Sober grey repels ideas of the magical.

Hamlet is a play with a ghost whose entrance seems designed as a *coup de théâtre*. Here he wanders on stage very much intent on his own pursuits and slightly perplexed to find so many people on guard. The effect is unnerving as well as alienating. It is a piece with the way the whole first scene is staged. Bernardo's exchange with Claudio his cry sounds suspiciously like any teenager's "Oh no" on discovering that the world has conspired against him yet again. Only one's consciousness of how unformed he is keeps one from unmitigated loathing.

Lesser's performance works by not attempting to be "great"; this *Hamlet* is no one: extraordinary, just an adolescent caught at the stage when he doesn't know who he is to be or what he has to do. He is certainly no intellectual; the soliloquies are shrugged off him with little sense of occasion and none of deep thought. This performance finds its justification in the acting of the rest of the exceptionally well-cast company. Susan Engell and John Shrapnell play Gertrude and Claudius as confirmed adults, thoroughly at home in the world. She is still beautiful and fully satisfied with her role as woman and mother; he is so obviously meant to command that it is almost a relief to find him so. His frustrated prayer impresses chiefly by its admirable frankness. These two give explanation enough for *Hamlet*'s behaviour without the need for ghosts

or other magical trappings. Miller adds the suggestion, to make sense of the Ghost, that *Hamlet* is overshadowed by the memory of his own father but fundamentally his version is a teasing account of what a sense of exclusion from the adult world may lead to. The fencing-match is at once a child's game and a test of manhood, in which *Hamlet*'s desperate insecurity topples the balance of the court and plunges them all into disaster; but it leads him to a sense of his own powers as, by moral force alone, he compels Claudio to drink off the poison in the cup.

We are becoming used to unromantic *Hamlets*. This one is presented with great conviction and accomplishment throughout, but its fundamentally naturalist assumptions hamper it. Kathryn Pogson's mad Ophelia, all grunts and twitches, is arresting, but cuts out the criticism of court corruption by country simplicities that her ballad-singing implies; she makes it impossible to attend to. Lesser's adolescent uncertainty cuts out *Hamlet*'s constant sense, in the text, of himself as a Prince; the Ghost's status as shadow in *Hamlet*'s mind blots out the possible metaphysical dimension that properly hovers around the play. Brecht said of the un-magic theatre that in it "people were supposed to use their imaginations". The power of Jonathan Miller's grey *Hamlet* is gained at the expense of the scope for an imagination which Shakespeare, in going beyond the story of an unremarkable teenager, himself supplied.

Two poems by Peter Redgrove

And its Mother

"One can see the mind of heaven in anything, especially moving clouds."

I.

The thunder and its mother.
The black anvil and mother of anvils
Thundering with blows

Among clouds drawing up like armchairs of lambswool,
The lambs and their black mother
As the black ewe flocks her lambs on the hillside,
But icy cold.

The brass-coloured sky in the storm, its sounding trumpets,
A chief cloud like a trompette des morts, gold, pulsed with crimson.
You are spirits,

You eat your food raw
Grazing on those mountain-sides
Among the walls of mists and the sluggish air

Suddenly winds and thunderstorms and corridors of lightning
And far patches of sunlit turf.

II.

And suddenly there is a perfect map of the city.
Drawn in cloud over the city.
The cloud-city wanders off meek as lambs.

The cloud that built itself over the nursery
Perfumed with the flower-water it has grazed on,
That above the distillery is 50 proof,

Above the iron-works, having eaten its smoke
Flashes like a perfect ingot.

III.

The boat withdraws into the bay
And into a cave in the bay
It has its light on.
The inside of the hill lights up,
The sun-boat.

The liner a lighted palace,
The fishing-boat a ruined cottage, buoyant,
The dinghies huge violins with squeaky rowlocks

Rendering their wind's music scored for the water.

The Young and Pregnant Spiritualist

By mere breathing, she sees her own shape,
The solemn tranquillity of her naked life
Under her clothes, a day-long caross.

The tie of each sister like a crucifix
Nailed to the throat, their heads
Being washed in blackness; she is

Washing their heads with night
With her chant, her moaning chant,
They bow their heads and take it,

All of them, in their circle, the sisters.
She has a baby in her womb that ways in its bonds.
In trance, the baby is, communicating with her;

And she tells herself this child is of such virtue
I am made a prophetess. Accordingly I speak
From the womb to these nice young chaps

Who serve in county offices and shops;
I help them jump the counter into this world.
The draperies flutter at the windows in grimaces,

Straining to speak, the great seamed faces;
The very air is living with currents like her birth-water,
And there slowly swims and taps out a pulse

The luminous tambourine to which above their heads
There floats and forms an ectoplasm
Like a foetus in its robes,

Or like a lily unfolding and from the draperies
Steps out a naked spirit, with
A few wisps caught up for modesty, and to herself

This beauty is the adulthood of my baby
Unspilt and grown; I pray I will meet her
In our afterlife; but now

She is the centre of this circle; they may ask
Their questions, and to one she is
The dead wife returning, to another

His sainted grandmother, seeing her drapery as age,
Those wisps over the face as wrinkles, but I,
I know she is the future,

Growing in me and talking round this table.

New Oxford books: Literature

Short Stories from the Second World War

Chosen by Dan Davin

Dan Davin's collection of twenty-four short stories written about the Second World War by people who lived through it, or died in it, displays vividly and movingly the eloquence that the war elicited. Some of the authors are well known: Graham Greene, V.S. Pritchett, H.E. Bates, and Kingsley Amis, for example; others are less so, but all share the capacity to depict individuals at moments of danger and stress. £9.50 9 September

The Oxford Book of Ballads

Selected and edited by James Kinsley

This anthology of the traditional ballads of England and Scotland was first published a little over a decade ago, and is proving to be an enduring collection. Nearly all the texts are based on single versions as close as possible to oral traditions, and more than eighty tunes are included. The book has been unavailable for some time; it now appears in both hardback and paperback editions. £12.50 Oxford Paperbacks £4.95

A World of His Own

The Double Life of George Borrow David Williams

George Borrow was an unorthodox man, and his story calls for unorthodox interpretation. In a new biography of this neglected writer, David Williams has uncovered all he can of the life of an idiosyncratic and elusive man whose own writings, so seemingly rich in detail, leave the reader with so many queries. Illustrated £7.95 9 September

Variations on Catastrophe

Some French Responses to the Great War John Cruickshank

When the catastrophe of the Great War struck France, how did the country's intellectuals respond? How did they view the possibility of war? How did they attempt to convey their experience of its horror? How did they assess its significance? This book is an attempt to answer these questions, and to open up new lines of enquiry in a subject till now relatively unexplored. £15.

On Reading French Verse

A Study of Poetic Form Roy Lewis

This book is a guide to the appreciation of French verse, aimed at enabling the student to read it well, and so to hear the poet's words with all their implications, as he intended them. £14.50, paperback £6.95 9 September

Oxford University Press

commentary

Professional secrets

Harold Hobson

ALAN DRURY

Haven and An Honourable Man
Coltsloe Theatre, Platform
Performances

Alan Drury's platform performance *Haven* and the calendar both remind us that this is the period of the year when British drama begins to be dominated by the Edinburgh Festival. Drury himself, when a member of a Cambridge drama society, was a discoverer of a Festival of a dozen or so years ago, which produced his *Shore Line*. *Shore Line*, with its single memorable scene of a quarrel suddenly springing up between two families of friends on holiday together, and as suddenly holiday down again, equally without reason, was perhaps deeper in feeling than *Haven*; but it was far less clever in technique.

Some of the young men and women of the earlier Festivals have already passed the theatrical winning post: Bennett, Miller, Moore, Stoppard, Simon Jones, Atkinson are loaded with medals, prizes, and the applause of the multitudes. Others who seemed not less promising – quietly dropped out of the race after a provincial tour of *Goldspelt*. Drury belongs to neither of these classes; with *The Man Himself*, *An Honourable Man*, and *Haven*, he has kept doggedly on, and the winning post may not be far off. *Shore Line* made a strange, sad, elegiac impression that could not be made except by a dramatist of great potential; and *Haven* is the first British play to have been produced in London for a very long time that does actually make one go back and examine Aristotle, whom John Jones has shown to rank plot above character.

There is no Tragic Hero in *Haven*. His characters are just ordinary people – a Birmingham businessman who, having made good, now lives with his attractive wife in the Canaries, where they are visited by a personable young man who is very reluctant about himself, as he has reason to be, since his profession is that of a kept man. For a few moments there is trivial but amusing dialogue in which the three of them try to persuade themselves that life on a tropical island, with a fine house, long stretches of sand, plenty of servants and a café half a mile away, is

really as alluring as the travel agents brochures make it out to be.

The former Birmingham man, unlike the handsome Nick, is more than ordinarily voluble, especially about his business successes. But there is a growing uneasiness, and one begins to suspect that the successes were neither as great nor as beyond reproach as they should have been. In fact there comes a moment when Ray, from Birmingham, is on the point of hysteria. It is then that Nick is asked to come and stay with them for a month, for six months, indefinitely. Nick recognizes at once that this is not an invitation, but a proposition, and he wants to know what he is expected to offer for it. Merely to pass himself off as their son, to talk boldly to everyone on the island, to create credit for his hosts. But this crosses Nick's peculiar sense of honour; he may be a whore, but he is not a swindler. Yet when in the last words of the piece he says "Let's go in to the house," we know that Mr Drury has built his play so that it leads inevitably to the precise second when a vital change (peripeteia) takes place, a change of situation of the kind which Aristotle envisages.

It is good to have this play, for of late years plays with a story have often been despised. Marianne Morley is both frivolous and penetrating as the wife, Mark Bond, elegant, firm, enigmatic as Nick, and Michael Beint a pent-up volcano as the husband. The play is smoothly directed by the author.

An *Honourable Man*, however, is a monologue in which character is more important than plot. There is no demonstration of Aristotelianism here, but the result is memorable. The story is told with all the simplicity of a puzzled anguish by John Price in a delicate, distressed and beautiful performance. David is a schoolmaster whom one of his girl pupils has accused of assaulting her, and it is as David that Mr Price tells the story: how the headmaster told him of the accusation, how he did not tell his wife immediately of the cloud under which he lay, how some people took his side, and how others were against him, what happened at the Governors' meeting called to investigate the charge, how he was proved completely innocent, and how he left the meeting a ruined man though guiltless, a broken spirit though conscious of a rectitude entire and unshaken.

There are many touches of subtle

humour, as when the Head offers David a Scotch and soda and David points out that it is only a quarter past five. But they only render the sadness more moving and bitter. Whereas in *Haven* we want to know what the ending will be, there is in *An Honourable Man* no suspense as to whether David is guilty or not. We are told almost at the beginning – and even then only as an aside – that he is innocent. Here it is not the story that matters, but David's character, and the centre of the play is his grief that he could even be suspected of evil. For how can there be the suspicion of evil, even if in a particular case it is unfounded, unless somehow, somewhere, evil is latent? The play's last words are "There is no smoke without fire", and they are not flippant words. They leave David in the grave disquiet which has been the hallmark throughout of this performance.

Price's timing is mathematically exact and aesthetically delectable, and he is a master of pauses. In an enormous silence he will look at his hands and his finger-nails and the sadness of a whole-world passes over him. His judges have rightly pronounced him Not Guilty, but as he leaves the stage we know that a fear has broken out in his soul which will never be expelled. Mr Price is giving his performance in aid of the Riverside Studios and it can be seen until September 28.

The conference was enlivened by a delegation from the Open University, hoping to test ideas for a new OU course on the English Romantic Poets which is to feature a TV production of Shelley's *Cenci*. The course begins in

Vagues

Mary Furness

The Waves
National Film Theatre: special
presentation for the Friends of
Charleston Trust

What, one wonders, would someone who did not know that Annette Apon's *Golwen* was "near de roman van de Virginia Woolf *The Waves*", and who did not have the benefit of the voices-over-reading large sections of the book, think it was about? The credits are seen like ripples really, breaking on a very flat sea, far away from above and quite far away from a verandah surrounded by trees. Servants are sweeping up leaves from the grass. A woman, dressed in the clothes of about 1910, sits writing. Then, suddenly, we are in 1980, or thereabouts, and at some sort of actors' workshop. Three men and three women in early middle age are sitting round a table pouring cups of tea, smoking and reading aloud, in turn. We see the deserted interior of a modern, nondescript detached house – a school with lockers, the characters who are now dressing in 1930s clothes, admiring themselves and each other. We are in a room, a modern student's room. The character who has been reading Bernard's lines is sitting writing. Neville comes to see him. Bernard sits tea all over his face in a train watching the scenery – very flat and Dutch. We are with Louis in an ice-cream parlour called "Pinky". We are at a party in a smoky dive with Rhoda and Jinny. Rhoda looks frightened; Jinny looks radiant. Then, suddenly, we are in period. The friends are gathered round a table in a restaurant. It is obviously the 1920s. The long-awaited, hitherto unseen, Percival arrives. The friends are, each in their own way, animated. The while a voice-over reads the passage expressing the thoughts of the passage. Percival is shown, in slow motion, on horseback, over and over again, just before his fatal fall.

Bernard sits by a large fern (in Rome), the voice-over doing his reflecting for him: "Now I sit on a stone seat in these gardens surveying the eternal city . . . Certain things lie beyond my scope. I shall never understand the harder problems of travelling. We are back at the house where the film began. The servants are still keeping up the leaves. The

A large, lost pond

Judith Chernaik

Shelley Conference
Gregynog, University of Wales

"It excites my wonder to consider the perverted energies of the human mind. . . . Who is there that will not pursue phantoms, spend his choicest hours in hunting after dreams, and wake only to perceive his error and regret that death is so near?"

These words of the young Shelley to his friend Hogg could stand as an epitaph to the third Shelley Conference, held two weeks ago in the country-house atmosphere of Gregynog, a magnificent nineteenth-century mock-Tudor fraud set in the rolling hills of mid-Wales. Participants came from as far away as Haifa, Algiers, Johannesburg, New York and South Carolina to ponder the erotic mysteries of *Alastor* and *The Revolt of Islam*, to debate Shelley's theory of language and his rewriting of Greek myth, and to exchange notes on work in progress.

The conference was enlivened by a delegation from the Open University, hoping to test ideas for a new OU course on the English Romantic Poets which is to feature a TV production of Shelley's *Cenci*. The course begins in

woman (Virginia Woolf?) is still writing. The last shot is of a yawning dark cavern made by a wave just about to break – an image presumably meant to convey the last words of *The Waves*: "Against you I will fling myself unvanquished and unyielding, O Death."

It would indeed be difficult to tell what the film was about from the pictures alone, though the dinner party scene does give some sense of the interaction and interdependence of Virginia Woolf's characters. But the images are curiously reductive, even at times shatteringly incongruous. There is very little to look at and a great deal to listen to, and one has more than better off reading the book in the privacy of one's own home. Judging by the snore of the Friends of Charleston Trust audience, this was not a soporific point of view.

Fifty years on: Abraham Cowley

The TLS of September 1, 1932, carried the following review by John Hayward of Abraham Cowley's Reputation in England, by Jean Loiseau:

Even the general reader can be recommended to examine this fascinating account of Cowley's popularity. For its history in this country illuminates the larger and more baffling problem of the vagaries of literary reputation – the oblivion which overwhelmed his work and beneath which it remained buried for over two centuries – is true also, and for more obvious reasons, of Cowley's. Regarded by his own age as the "most profound and ingenious of its writers," Cowley sank so low in the death of the century following his selection. Donne, we know, fared worse; and it is significant, in this connection, that it was not he but Cowley whom Johnson chose as the subject of his essay on metaphysical poetry, and Cowley's poems, not Donne's, which were chosen for his "English Poets." In Johnson's eyes, Cowley was the typical representative of the lovers and confidants of "false wit and quaint imagery." But, as we now realize, the truth is that Cowley emphasized the worst features in Donne's poetry and over-elaborated his already sufficiently

While it would be idle to speculate on Cowley's possible achievements

1984, will run for six to eight years, is bound to quicken public interest in all six major poets – exactly the broad audience which the Rooms and Shelley in particular, would approve.

That there is a Shelley revival is indicated by the number of major projects near completion, including new editions of his prose and of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, one of the most interesting papers, an account by Betty Bennett, American editor of the letters, of Mary's heroic labours as Shelley's editor. The heated discussion generated by several papers suggests that Shelley is still a controversial figure for a post-industrial age, much along the lines he predicted. Indeed, the space scientist Desmond King-Hele, who probably knows gloomily that we have three years left at the outside (which fortunately not prevented him from preparing a new edition of his *Shelley: His Times and Work*).

The criticism of the Shelley enthusiasts was like the complaining lovers: Shelley was, if anything, sufficiently radical, not enough of a feminist, though he came out with "deconstructer" of his own poetry in "The winged words on which a soul would pierce / Into the heights / Love's rare Universe, / Aro clouds / lead around its flight of fire," what am assured by two experts is a poem example of the deconstructer's imagination at work).

In spite of the usual arguments about the meaning of four crucial lines in *Mont Blanc*, a keynote was commonly rather than a confrontation. This was evident on Friday night, when about twenty Shelleysans set forth around midnight search of a large pond, and were inexplicably to have moved to the day, complete with small boat and oars. Underlaid, a small band of scholars of both sexes discussed at twilight until live a moon low, and then change, homes, poles, insufficiently explored in the lecture and seminars. This interesting conversation has been lost to posterity but a selection of papers from the two Shelley Conferences, edited by conference organizer, Kevin Brockle, is to be published next spring by Leicester University Press.

Leicester University Press.

We must also deplore his facility in verse, which lured him into writing in the epic and panegyric styles, and produced those "empty effusions" which seem to have a little emotional experience behind them as his friend Saint-Evremond addresses to the Duchess of Newcastle. Cowley's gracious and winning personality, to which all his contemporaries bore witness, his good sense and unpassionate nature, his sane taste for moderation and his promise, were of writing, and it was this "the language of the heart," that he showed a genuine talent. His Anacreontics, and most of all, his eleven short essays in prose, reveal where his genius lay. Neither he found nor particularly spoke, but he could discourse easily and gracefully in verse and prose. His essays, in fact, possess those qualities we now recognize as essential for the special circumstances of broadcasting: simple and familiar language and the gift of holding the listener's attention.

'Edmund Ironside'

Sir, – Eric Sams's acceptance of Shakespeare's signature and hand in the *Archaeologia* is based on uncritical consideration of scholarly demurs. Although I would not consider Nicholas Knight's book on the subject, to which he refers, as an inflated exercise, it indeed has been challenged; it is one thing, for example, to say that the signature is not a forgery and quite another to say that it was the dramatist's. There was more than one William Shakespeare. The inscription in the volume indicates that the book initially was meant to be kept by ye Impression is [out] not like to be renewed. Other playwrights had far more legal vocabulary than Shakespeare did. To maintain that the dramatist was a law scrivener is to challenge the tradition that he was a schoolmaster, though he might have been first the latter and then the former. Further, the comparison with the *More* fragment needs to be taken into account recent scholarship in *English Literary Renaissance* arguing that that play was written by Webster. Samuel Schoenbaum took notice of it in his last book.

On the positive side, Sams's argument that *Ironside* follows Shakespeare's usage elsewhere in confusing Christ's words with Judas's has some curious support in the fact that Nicholas Knight and I have detected some fifty parallels between the Christ story and *Julius Caesar*; these correlations would appear to support a dictator-hero theory in the Caesar-Christus conflation and would certainly not be acceptable in our day and age. Indeed, were there not so many parallels, they might appear to be largely ironically intended, and they can be exaggerated, especially pedagogically. But their odd inversion of orthodox values plays along with the additional confusion of Christ's and Judas's words pointed out by Sams – though the confusion is historically traceable to the medieval mystery plays (as Schoenbaum has pointed out).

The suggested *Ironside* golden drops *Cerberus* image-cluster is excellent evidence of Shakespeare's idiosyncratic hand in *Ironside*, especially since traditionally sops were thrown the mythical dog to pass by him. It might be added that *distilled* fits in with the concept of *mellied* (as in other examples of the cluster)

Sams alludes to Nashe's preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, which argued that "upstart law-clerks were presuming to write plays, including one called *Hamlet*." He adds, "Many critics have reasoned that this was Shakespeare's own first version." I should like to know who these critics have been. After all, the preface was printed in 1589, and Shakespeare's version of *Hamlet* appeared after the turn of the century. It is common sense (to use Sams's term at the start of his article) to believe that the dramatist's style was mature enough

University of Malta Library.

Among this week's contributors

MARGARET ALEXIOU is Senior Lecturer in Byzantine and Greek at the University of Birmingham.

SHARFORD BIDWELL's *Fire-Power: British Army Weapons and Theories of War 1904-1945* has just been published.

J. R. BOXER's recent books include *Can Compagnie in War and Peace, 1602-1799: a short history of the Dutch East-India Company*, 1979.

ROBERT BRAIN's most recent book is *Black and White Rites*, 1979.

G. P. BUTLER is Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Bath.

FRANCIS CAIRNS's books include *Generic Composition in Greek and Roman Poetry*, 1972.

JUDITH CHERNAIK is working on a biography of Clara Schumann.

CLAUDE CROSS's books include *Church and People 1450-1660*, 1976.

P. L. DICKINSON is Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms.

MARTIN DODSWORTH is editor of *English*.

J. B. DOWNE is the translator of Gauguin's *Noa Noa*, 1980.

B. DREWERY is Senior Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History at the University of Manchester.

Since what melts was then often thought of as turning into a distilled liquid. The most obvious example of this is in the famous "sullied flesh" crux in *Hamlet*, whereby the Prince wishes for his flesh to disintegrate, dissolve and melt into dew, water. Further proof that Shakespeare associated the process of distilling with natural moisture is clear from *Venus and Adonis*, 1.66 ("Her cheeks . . . dew'd with such distilling showers") and Sonnet No 5 ("summer's distillation"). Moreover, the 1611 Bible contains the line, "My speech shall still as the dew" (Deut. xxxii.2). In 1558, Warde published a work whose title, as the *OED* indicates, contained the collocation "distillations, . . . fusions and meltings".

Sams makes light of the criticism of Everitt's book by citing, for example, the criticism a friend of mine advanced to him: "With friends like Everitt . . . *Ironside* needs no enemies." But the problem with Everitt is that he goes much too far, claiming for example that in tracing "the activities of a novitiate-writer who apparently wrote the letter to Edward Alleyn, and the plays of *King Lear*, *Ironside*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Edward III*, we encountered Shakespearean connections again". It appears entirely unlikely that Shakespeare wrote the early *Lear*, and I should add the *Troilus and Cressida* which contains anti-Catholicism which was muted in Shakespeare's *King John*. The extent to which Shakespeare could have been involved in *Edward III* is still unsettled. Everitt also finds the same handwriting as *Tragedy* in the same handwriting as *Tragedy*. Where do we draw the line? I am not the only critic who believes that he has mixed together bad, good and indifferent arguments regarding authorship.

Sams alludes to Nashe's preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, which argued that "upstart law-clerks were presuming to write plays, including one called *Hamlet*." He adds, "Many critics have reasoned that this was Shakespeare's own first version." I should like to know who these critics have been. After all, the preface was printed in 1589, and Shakespeare's version of *Hamlet* appeared after the turn of the century. It is common sense (to use Sams's term at the start of his article) to believe that the dramatist's style was mature enough

University of Malta Library.

Among this week's contributors

JAMES FENTON's collection of poems *The Memory of War* was reviewed in last week's TLS.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING's biography of Edith Sitwell was published last year.

ROY HARRIS is the author of *The Language Myth*, 1981.

R. R. K. HARTMANN is Director of the Language Centre at the University of Exeter.

SIR HAROLD HOBBSON is an Honorary Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.

MICHAEL HOLROYD's books include *Lyttelton Strachey*, 1967-8, *Augustus John*, 1974-5, and (editor) *The Genius of Shaw*, 1979.

SIR DAVID HUNT is the author of *A Don at War*, 1966, and *On the Spot*, 1975.

G. W. IRELAND is Professor of French at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

SANDRA JOHNSON is a freelance journalist working in London.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at University College London.

WALTER KENDALL's books include *The Labour Movement in Europe*, 1975.

JOHN KING is a lecturer in Social Anthropology at the University of Hull.

G. C. LEPSCHY is the author, with Anna Laura Lepeschy, of *The Italian Language Today*, 1978.

DAVID NOKES is a lecturer in English at King's College, London.

ALICE NOVE's books include *Stallone and After*, 1975.

CLAUDE RAWSON's books include *Henry Fielding and the Augustan Ideal under Stress*, 1972.

PETER REDGROVE's most recent collection of poems is *The Apple-Broad-cast*, 1981.

CHRISTOPHER REID's new collection of poems, *Pea Soup*, will be published later this month.

PAT ROGERS's books include *The Augustan Vision*, 1974, and *Henry Fielding: A Biography*, 1979.

SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN's most recent book is *Misra*, 1980.

R. G. SWINBURNE is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Keele. His books include *Philosophy and Reason*, 1982.

JOHN WEIGHTMAN is the author of *The Concept of the Avant-Garde: Explorations in Modernism*, 1973.

to the editor

Nabokov's 'Eugene Onegin'

Sir, – In 1964 the Bollingen Press published Vladimir Nabokov's literal translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, and a revised edition was issued in 1975 by Princeton University Press.

In his foreword to this translation, Nabokov writes: "Can a rhymed poem like *Eugene Onegin* be truly translated with the retention of its rhythm? The answer, of course, is no." And: "In transposing *Eugene Onegin* from Pushkin's Russian into my English I have sacrificed to completeness of meaning every formal element including the iambic rhythm, . . . everything (elegance, euphony, clarity, good taste, modern usage, and even grammar) that the dainty mimic prizes higher than truth."

In an interview given to the Russian poet David Kugultinov in Moscow and published in both the Russian and English-language editions of *Inostrannaya Literatura* (Moscow, January 1982), Sir Charles Johnston, author of a recent verse translation of *Eugene Onegin*, was asked for his opinion of Nabokov's version. He replied: "Nabokov despised verse translation, and produced a literal prose one instead. I believe he got bored doing this, so that what set out to be a literal version in fact contains a strong element of Nabokovian fantasy . . ." (italics added).

Johnston, in essence, accuses Nabokov of dishonesty: after setting forth precise principles his father presumably abandoned them and betrayed the reader out of sheer boredom. Far from having grown bored with literalism, Nabokov, after having worked on the original version of his translation for some eight

years, returned to it a decade later in order to make doubly sure that he had applied his method "without a trace of halfheartedness or compromise" ("EO" Revisited", a supplementary foreword to the 1975 edition). It would seem imperative that Johnston, once having made such an accusation, produce a few examples of the "Nabokovian fantasy" he mentions. I challenge him to do so.

It was not my intention here to discuss Johnston's translation, which received high praise from such excellent critics as John Bayley. However, I cannot forego pointing out that, although recommended by the publisher as "magnificent" and "brilliant", it suffers, alas, from all the usual faults that mar rhymed translations: additions, omissions and clumsy restatements of the sense. From among innumerable examples, I shall cite only one special favourite. The final line of Stanza 31, Chapter 7, describing the preparations for Tatiana's journey to Moscow, is (I quote from Nabokov's literal translation) into the courtyard eighteen nags are led.

The next stanza, 32, begins: These [the horses] to the master coach are harnessed . . . Here is Johnston's rendering of the first line of Stanza 32: Horses and coaches are spliced in marriage.

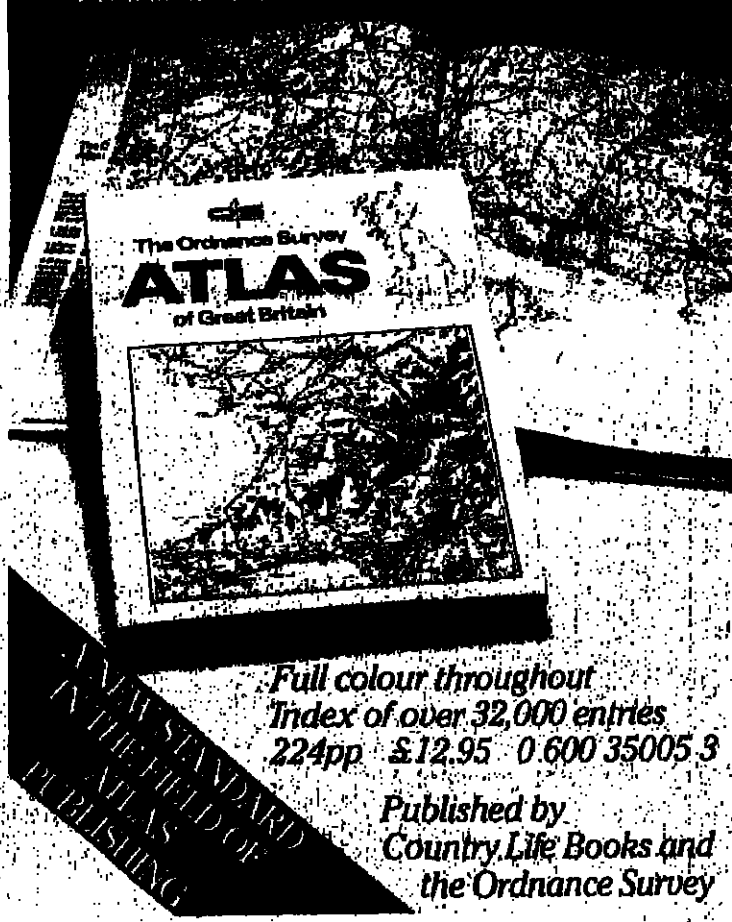
Those poor horses. Poor Pushkin. DMITRI NABOKOV.

Palace Hotel, 1820 Montreux, Switzerland.

Correlation: *Journal of Research into Astrology*, referred to by J. Bruce Brackenridge in his review (July 9) of two recent works on astrology, is obtainable by subscription from 98 Hayes Road, Bromley, Kent BR2 9AB.

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Fighting talk

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JOHN HACKETT

The Third World War: The Untold Story
440pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £9.95.
0 283 98863 0

Sir John Hackett's earlier excursion into the future, *The Third World War: August 1985*, sold three million copies and was translated into ten languages, evidence not only of its merits but also of the deep-seated fear of ordinary people that they might at any moment be plunged into total war and total destruction. The sheep looked up, waiting to be fed, and General Hackett's message proved palatable. *The Third World War: The Untold Story* is a revised and amplified version, almost a new book, but retaining the same scenario. The Soviet forces invade the central sector of Nato, neither side at first uses nuclear weapons, and the Nato armies after a stern fight halt the invaders. Thereupon the Soviet leaders use a single nuclear weapon to eliminate Birmingham, as a token that they are in earnest. The Western response is to blow up Minsk. This destabilizes the rigid Soviet system, which collapses after an internal revolt, and the war ends. There are imaginative descriptions of debates in the Politburo, of the war as seen by combatants on both sides, the fate of the Soviet navy and events in both hemispheres; but this is the core of the story, just as Europe is the decisive theatre.

Such a book presents a reviewer with considerable problems. It is a work of popular fiction, complete with imaginary characters, written like *The War in the Air* or *The Battle of Dorking*, as if by a historian in the future, and it can be argued, should be treated as such without questioning its assumptions too closely. Yet, in view of the immense authority of the author, it would be almost disrespectful not to regard it also as a genuine "appreciation of the situation".

Fortunately any doubts about his aim have been dispelled by Hackett himself in an article published in *The Times* of June 19, 1982. He reveals there with engaging candour that in his original "draft" the Nato forces were defeated in ten days, owing to their lack of conventional strength and the lure of draft up after an appeal from one of his former colleagues, who persuaded him that so dismal a fate, far from a former commander of the Northern Army Group, and an officer deep in the councils of Nato, would be infinitely discouraging. He obligingly agreed to alter it because, although he had intended a "cautionary tale", "if it is to make children believe better it is a mistake to pitch it so strongly that it only makes them wet their beds". The present version may have the desired effect, for adults will judge *The Third World War: The Untold Story* as a serious, forecast of events and, perhaps, find it unsatisfactory.

Every crisis since the blockade of Berlin has proved that both superpowers have acted with the greatest circumspection whenever there has been the slightest risk of a clash between their armed forces. No reasonable person in either camp has any doubt about the ultimate Soviet aim as dictated by ideology, but neither can there be any doubt that the caution of the Soviet leaders is due to their perception of the mutually destructive nature of a general war, even if fought only with conventional weapons. Hackett's *casus belli* assumes an "uncharacteristic recklessness by both sides. Without any of the preliminary signals, warnings, or resorts to the 'hot line' of previous (real) crises, the Soviet Union invades Yugoslavia in support of a Slovenian rebellion against the Belgrade government, and American troops intervene. This is enough to trigger off a general war.

Now, to reclaim Yugoslavia for the "socialist camp" would be a great coup, but it is difficult to believe it would be worth the price, or that after Afghanistan the Soviet leaders would for a second time risk becoming

embroiled in a war against such masters of guerrilla tactics. It is also contrary to the logic of the altered scenario. It is conceivable that a younger and more hawkish Politburo might be tempted into a military adventure where there are appeasing US president, a divided Europe and inadequate Nato forces on the ground, but according to the scenario by 1985 all this has been changed for the better. The Soviet leadership would be unlikely to risk a head-on attack against strength.

By far the most interesting and instructive chapters in the book concern the political state of the alliance, the measures taken to strengthen Nato on the ground without damaging the economies of its member-states—a subject on which no one is better qualified to speak than the author—and the insight into the Politburo's contingency plans for war. In the first chapter the difficulties of managing an alliance, one of whose members towers above all the others, is stressed, and Hackett shrewdly concludes that "it was fortunate for the West that the war broke out when it did and not later. The United States and Europe were on diverging tracks", something already visible in 1982. The key to the second chapter is that the best protection against a surprise attack without preliminary Soviet mobilization is airborne early warning, re-siting the available Nato divisions in or close to their battle-positions, and the provision of strong reserves capable of countering penetration. This strengthened defence requires a full mobilization to overcome it and this in turn gives the West time to reinforce the vital central sector. The debate in the Politburo leading to the choice of the non-nuclear option is convincing. "A world of which much would be charred rubble or irradiated desert would hardly be worth ruling. What was wanted was supremacy in a living world, not a charnel house it would be death to enter." The CND could hardly put it better.

So far, very good. It would be an error to treat the Soviet leaders as a group of ideologically hidebound morons. What is lacking, however, is a complementary discussion by the Nato staff of their defensive strategy and operational plan, for in the real world Nato is faced with a dilemma. The defence of western Europe depends on the acceptance by the Federal Republic of Germany that its territory will be the battleground, and that a massive defensive strategy, and that the initiative to the aggressor, must inevitably lead to penetration. Realistically, in the imaginary battle, all north Germany and the

Netherlands are overrun, while in the south the Soviet forces reach a line just east of Frankfurt and Stuttgart. Bearing in mind the power of modern conventional weapons and the fact that the invader used chemical agents (probably the hideous nerve gas GD, lethal dose 0.7 milligrammes) the devastation will be appalling, but the only hope of holding the invaders on the frontier is to use battlefield nuclear weapons. (Of which 6,000 are held in AFCEAT, and totally ignored in Chapter Four). To use them, however, may precipitate a general nuclear exchange resulting in absolute destruction. The vexed question of the Enhanced-Radiation Reduced-Blast warhead (EHRB) or "neutron bomb", discarded by President Carter, although the best answer to a massed armoured assault, is also ignored. To duck discussion of the very core of Nato's strategy once pure deterrence has failed, including the theoretical inevitability of "escalation", is a grave defect in a serious work designed to inform a general readership.

A tepid Intrepid

David Hunt

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE
Secret Intelligence Agent
281pp. Constable. £8.95.
0 09 463850 0

H. Montgomery Hyde has published forty-six books, most of which have been favourably received by critics. Three, of which the present one is the third, have dealt with the war-time activities of Sir William Stephenson, now known to a very wide public as "A Man called Intrepid". A book under that title was written by the homophonous but unrelated William Stevenson. It enjoyed an enormous sale. In it the author spoke, with the approval of his subject, who "vouched for its authenticity", of an "extraordinary relationship" that [Sir W. Stephenson] maintained in the utmost secrecy between the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. In a table prefixed to the book Sir W. Stephenson's organization, known as British Security Co-ordination, is shown as responsible directly to the President and the Prime Minister and in command, not only of the Joint Intelligence Committee, but also of the British War Cabinet. These romantically exaggerated claims (and there are a great many other extravaganzas in Mr Stephenson's

There is a similar imbalance in the glimpses of fighting as seen through both Soviet and Allied eyes. The accounts of individual Nato airmen in action sometimes descend into pure Biggles, while the stereotype Soviet officer, Nekrasov, is full of doubts and is used as a mouthpiece to reveal Soviet deficiencies, which are dangerously exaggerated. Soviet reservists are a "herd", incapable of handling their weapons. They will have been very thoroughly trained, the non-Slav speakers taught enough Russian to understand basic orders, and in any case Nekrasov, being based in the Belorussian military district, would receive Belorussian reservists, not Uzbeks or Khirghiz from 3,000 miles away. An artillery commander is shot for making a technical objection, convicts ride forward on tanks, the KGB machine-guns are deployed ready to shoot any troops who run away, a disgruntled defector hands over a vital code-book (a repeat of the Enigma story) and an army commander, imitating Vlasov, defects

complete with his army. This picture of the Red Army of forty years ago. On the Nato side all the doubts cards fall in the right places. Finland, Sweden, doubly, Ireland, incredibly, come to the immediate aid of the Alliance.

All this is very disgusting. The defects in the Soviet system are plain for all to see, but the West also has weaknesses and its "disidents" are both insensitive and politically naive. Western world as Lenin's "red fools", or to suggest that they are simply tools manipulated by Soviet agents disposing of "a billion dollars' hard currency". To acknowledge their sincerity and their strength is not necessarily to agree with them.

The fact that this is a well-written, well-researched and gripping flight of fancy, certain, like the earlier version, to be a best-seller is doubly disturbing, for it is likely to lull its readership into a false sense of security. It is not a cautionary tale, but a fairy tale.

The main success of the organization during Montgomery Hyde's service with it was in providing evidence which secured the conviction of an unimpressive German spy-ring in New York. He also has some anecdotes about film personalities, since he found occasion to visit Hollywood. His value to the team is demonstrated by his account of the help he gave towards reaching a modus vivendi with the US authorities after they entered the war. His account of the negotiations reveals how restricted in scope were BSC operations.

Such is not the impression that Sir William Stephenson likes to create. In a foreword and an appendix to the present volume he has attempted to reply to a few points in the torrent of criticism of *A Man called Intrepid*, which Lord Dacre memorably called "one of the most ludicrous books ever published on intelligence matters". (That was written when he was Professor Trevor-Roper; the words "one of" were no doubt added in a spirit of excessive academic caution). Sir John C. O'Neill, a Private Secretary to Churchill and a close friend for twenty-five years, has attacked, in *The Churchillians*, the whole basis of the book on the grounds that, so far from being, as Stephenson himself claimed, "Winston Churchill's secret envoy" to Roosevelt, there are no sure grounds for supposing that Stephenson and Churchill knew each other. The only evidence offered, other than mere assertion, is an undated document printed by Stephenson purporting to be an invitation from Churchill to Stephenson to dine with him at Lord Beaverbrook's house. Colville has no difficulty in exposing this letter, on internal evidence, as a "dead invention". It is to this charge that Stephenson testily replies: "In his foreword.

The reply is evasive because it never mentions the letter, which is presumably now silently abandoned as indefensible, like some of the captions to the illustrations in the book. In his new version the invitation is conveyed by telephone—a convenient method of which no corroboration can be expected. Most rashly Stephenson has now specified the date on which he claims that he received the commission: "You are to be my personal representative in the United States". May 10, 1940. His unhappy choice has fallen on a historic date. It saw the opening of the German campaign in the Low Countries and of Churchill's Prime Ministership. A prudent man would have reflected that the whereabouts of Churchill and Beaverbrook on such a date would be known. A. J. P. Taylor, had already recorded in print, and has confirmed to me, that they dined alone that day; not at Stornoway House, nor with Sir William Stephenson, nor with the rest of the ridiculous guest-list that Stephenson has assembled—a guest list in General Weyand, who was in Syria at the time: the list alone is sufficient to discredit the story. With this disappears the last corroboration of a special relationship between Stephenson and Churchill.

James Fenton

The lord and the Lord

Victoria Glendinning

LORD LONGFORD

Diary of a Year
234pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£10.
0 297 78049 2

Lord Longford is drawn to women who wear spectacles. Dame Helen Gardner's "stylish glasses" give her "a form of elderly chic which attracts strongly". Lord Kagan's secretary is fetching in "trendy steel-rimmed glasses". Mary Warnock is striking in "large, heavy horn-rimmed glasses" which suit her well. John Stonehouse's wife is "a piquant figure" also in "large horn-rimmed glasses", and Mrs A. J. P. Taylor is "petite, with steel-rimmed glasses, attractive to me with my penchant for women who wear spectacles". It is an innocent penchant and Lord Longford, on the evidence, is an innocent man, without guile and without malice—but not, by any means, without ambition, which in a man of seventy-five suggests stamina beyond the normal.

1981 was a busy year. He co-authored a book on Ulster, and wrote one about the Pope. His chairmanship of Sidgwick and Jackson came to an end, making him feel like King Lear in the office. But there were almost daily visits to the New Horizon centre for the young homeless, correspondence with and visits to people in prison, committees, causes and speeches connected with mental and penal reform, attendance at the House of Lords, and many a lunch at the Garrick and the Gay Hussar. His constant aim is to become a better man. But it is not simple: "Is not a life spent in fighting self-centredness itself self-centred?"

He seems not so much self-centred, perhaps, as self-conscious, constantly monitoring his performance spiritually, socially and in public life. He

notes down the compliments paid to him, and also those occasions when he feels "out of it" or overlooked, as if he were keeping the score. He was sad not to have been invited to Princess Anne's wedding, but had hopes for a seat in St Paul's, especially since he had sat next to Lady Diana at a Garter lunch, and Prince Charles had been gracious "about the books we had sent him ourselves had written". But the Longfords were not among the wedding guests, which frankly was a blow.

He is fascinated by his great friend Malcolm Muggeridge, who is so religious and unworldly, and yet so

very famous. Who has and who has not "got to the top of the greasy pole", why, exercises him considerably. Pole-climbing and home economics (he is always very aware who has paid for the drinks) have to be reconciled with the practice of religion. In Lent, for example, "it ought to be easy to get to Mass more, but drawing generous expenses from the Lords I don't like to leave too early". Should he withdraw altogether and make his soul, like Kitty Muggeridge? "I can't believe that this can be quite right for me at the moment. I cannot believe that Elizabeth would wish it for me." (Lady Longford and the Almighty sometimes seem to fuse in these pages into one benign, admired, protective presence.)

As for Jesus's instruction to the rich young man, to sell all he possessed and give it to the poor: "This is not a feasible course of action for an elderly married man, the young man was presumably a bachelor. But there must be an equivalent sacrifice available to married oldies. Give up the search for fame?"

No, not that; in any case, "one does not confer any benefits on anyone else by that sacrifice." Better, perhaps, to redouble one's efforts "to help outcasts and the disadvantaged".

His energy in this direction is unquestionable. But he does give the impression of romanticizing villains (after seeing the film *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, he identifies the heroine with Myra Hindley); he seems breathtakingly credulous, accepting the most unlikely excuses and alibis and hard-luck stories without hesitation. He allows himself to be bullied and reproached by criminals for not having done more for them than he has. He seems unaware of his simplicity in this area; though not in another, acknowledging as he does that "there is no doubt that I am easily appealed to by any left-wing figure of working-class background who treats me as a comrade". Yet the concept of equality remains problematic. "Perhaps, as time goes on, with Cardinal Wooley I will learn what it is to be 'little'. Not masochistically, but 'in community'."

Not all life is holy to Lord Longford. At the Zoo, disturbed by the poisonous snakes, he asks, "Do we really feel that there is a sacred duty to preserve every species of viper?" Yet among poisonous humans, the more hateful the sin, the more devotedly does he love the sinner. This seems perverse. When asked how he reconciles his sympathy for victims with his sympathy for criminals, "I answer (I hope not pretentiously) that I would see my attitude as that of the average clergyman."

The average clergyman, if he exists, is an unaggressive, even a timid man. And taking Lord Longford's natural goodness for granted, one may perhaps deduce a further motivation from something he says about the text "Perfect love casteth out fear". It came as a revelation to him, after reading Basil Hume, that this might mean "one's love can cast out the fear of others". He had always thought of it "in terms of my own love casting out my own fear". But perhaps, as Daniel may have found in the lion's den, it comes to the same thing in the end.



Picnicking by the Thames by William Taunt c 1883; from Victorian and Edwardian Fashion: A Photographic Survey by Alison Gernsheim (104pp, with 235 illustrations. Dover/Constable. £4.50. 0 486 24205 6).

Lineage apparent

Steven Runciman

IAIN MONCREIFFE OF THAT ILK
Royal Highness: Ancestry of the Royal Child
127pp. Hamish Hamilton. £6.95.
0 241 10840 3

The birth of a child to the Prince and Princess of Wales has given the most learned and ingenious of our modern genealogists an opportunity to display his erudition by producing a volume in which he lists the extraordinarily diffuse elements in the child's ancestry. The work was prepared before the royal birth; and, to avoid mistakes over sex, the infant is everywhere called simply HRH, and the use of "his" or "hers" or even the neuter "its" has been carefully avoided.

The pedigrees of royal and greater noble houses are comparatively easy to trace, and the number of HRH's known ancestors is vast, coming from many lands and many walks of life—they include an itinerant violinist and a plumber. To give a coherent and intelligible account of their range poses a problem which Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that ilk has solved by providing thirty-nine genealogical tables, showing direct descent, eight dealing with Britain, one with the ancient world, one with America and the rest with all the countries in Europe in which monarchy has ever flourished, with the sole exception of Monaco. Each table is followed by two or three pages dealing with other ancestors connected with the line and relating informative and entertaining, if at times historically simplified, anecdotes about them all.

To make things easier for the reader, the names of direct ancestors are printed in bold type. But it is not easy for the reader who wishes to check up on some of the seemingly improbable ancestors. Unless you have a large library of genealogical works at hand, you must simply have faith in Sir Iain's erudition.

On the whole, such faith is justified. Any attempt to catch him out on British or Western European genealogies ends in failure. It might, for instance, seem surprising that HRH should be descended from both Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Grey of the Reform Bill; but a little research shows that both were ancestors of the Princess of Wales. When he moves further afield, one has a few slight reservations. The descent from the ancient world comes through the monarchs of early Armenia, for this he has clearly consulted the most eminent of genealogists of Caucasian lands, Prince Toumanov; and it would be rash to dispute his findings. But in the genealogical tree there are dotted lines indicating "probable affiliations"; and these are not more than probable. It is a pity that, with his love for the bizarre, he has not recorded that the Mamikonids, from whom HRH is probably descended, claimed descent from Chinese princes, and that the Artaxi, from whom HRH is certainly descended, claimed descent from King Sennacherib of Assyria. Neither claim can be proved, but each deserves a mention.

Among the ancestors printed in bold type is the Emperor Leo V of Byzantium. But all his four sons were castrated on his fall and his only daughter was thought to have been blinded in her convent. Leo VI is also given as an ancestor. As Sir Iain does not make the mistake made by Gibbon of thinking that the Russian princes were descended from Vladimir's Byzantine wife, the Imperial princess Anna, he must regard the descent as coming through a daughter of Theophano, the Byzantine wife of the Emperor Otto II. But, that this Theophano was not the daughter of Romanus II and his wife Theophano— for one thing, no Byzantine child bore the name of a parent—but, as the Germans of the time complained, a boy of lesser birth fobbed off on to them by the Greeks. He could have shown HRH's certain descent from what he wrongly calls the

"Shishmanovitsi" tsars of Bulgaria— Shishman was a mythical figure invented to disguise the fact that the family was of Armenian origin. The Emperor John II's maternal grandmother was a granddaughter of the last tsar of that family, Marot, Khagan of the Khazars, whose daughter here is recorded as having married Zsoltan of Hungary; and, if he existed, his tribe was not the Khazars but the Kavars, a Turkic tribe settled in the Hungarian plain. It is difficult to accept an Arab ancestry through the Byzantine family of Skleros. If Romanus Skleros did actually marry an Arab princess, she was his second wife. His children were already born. On the other hand, Arab descent through the Spanish royal houses is certain. Finally, there is grave doubt about the descent from Genghis Khan, through Basarab, first Prince of Wallachia, and ultimately through Queen Mary. It comes, Sir Iain claims, through one of two Tartar princes called Toktemir, great-grandsons of Genghis Khan. Their existence has not been proved. Basarab is described as the son of "Thocomerius", but there was a not uncommon Balkan name, Tikomir or Tokomir, of which that was the Latinized form. But Basarab did almost certainly have Cuman blood. Anyway, the Prince has no need of Genghis Khan as a forefather, when he has Dracula as an uncle.

The book is amply illustrated with relevant pictures. One hopes that HRH will enjoy it as one course feeding that of his ancestor Hugh le Despencer being hanged, drawn and quartered.

An index would have been welcome; but it would probably have more than doubled the length of the book. The whole work is very reasonably priced, considering the richness of its contents. From it we can learn that Prince William has among his forebears many wise statesmen, many gallant warriors, very few saints and several monarchs of inquiry. The years to come will show after which of them he will take.

Arms manufacture

P. L. Dickinson

RODNEY DENNIS
Heraldry and the Herald
285pp. Cape. £12.95.
0 224 01643 1

On February 3, 1794, J. C. Brooke Somerset Herald, suffered to death in a crush at the Little Theatre, Haymarket. A noted antiquary, he was only forty-five at the time, and his death was a grievous loss to heraldic scholarship. Happily, no such fate has overtaken the present Somerset Herald, Rodney Dennis, and the publication of *Heraldry and the Herald*, following on his *The Heraldic Imagination*, marks him out as a worthy successor not only to Brooke but to the other distinguished holders of his office, who have included Robert Glover, the great Elizabethan scholar, and J. R. Planché, the nineteenth-century historian of heraldry.

Heraldry and the Herald is not intended to be a complete guide to heraldry. Indeed, Rodney Dennis's approach is positively eclectic. He nevertheless starts with a little basic glossary to help the reader cope with the baffling vocabulary of the subject. Not that he is unduly technical. Mr Dennis's writing has a genial charm, and the book is pleasantly designed. The illustrations are well drawn in several different styles, and the heraldic embellishment of the initial letters of each chapter is particularly attractive.

Dennis explores the medieval origins and development of heraldry, emphasizing its military associations, and in a section on Heraldry, Politics and Law, he considers the general interest in heraldry and the role of the Court of Chivalry and the Earl Marshal. Legal historians will joyfully note the continued existence of the Court of Chivalry.

This engaging book is at once a not-pour-outré heraldic lore and an invaluable guide to what heralds actually do.

The *Chelsea Flower Show* by Faith and Geoff. Whitehead (128pp., £8.95. 0 241 10744 X) is published in association with the Royal Horticultural Society, whose most spectacular show, held annually in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, is described through the seventy years since its inception in 1913, with photographs (thirteen in colour) by Derek Goard.

In a hostile country

Alec Nove

Panyal (Memory: A historical compendium No 1, New York: Khronika Nos 2, 3 and 4, Paris: YMCA)

Panyal is a remarkable, unique set of memoir material, of exceptional value to anyone concerned with twentieth-century Russia. Each issue exceeds 500 pages. It is now edited in Paris by Natalya Gorbanevskaya, who modestly describes herself as the "representative abroad" of editors and collaborators located in Russia. It is thus a combination of *sanitized* and *tamized* (ie, both unofficial Soviet and émigré publications).

The range of the material presented is very wide, as are the sources from which it is gleaned. Some are well-annotated reprints of works which originally appeared decades ago in small editions, or suffered neglect for other reasons. There are extracts from correspondence, for instance between Mandelstam and Pasternak (in issue No 3), and early letters by Ilyenav (No 4). Extracts from diaries include those of the poet Zinaida Gippius for the period immediately following the Bolshevik seizure of power (No 4), and a most moving account of the experience of a woman in the siege of Leningrad (No 3), as well as the diaries of the writer Korolenko for the years 1918-21 (No 2). Much space is devoted to memoirs, or oral history, relating to prison and exile, the fate of so many of the contributors. There is a very informative and long account by R. Pimenov of his activity in an unauthorized discussion group in Leningrad, his arrest, and imprisonment in the comparatively "liberal period" of 1956-58; he includes a full record of his interrogation and trial, with details of others involved in the case (two instalments in Nos 2 and 3). Then there is the different "oral history", vivid and human, of a simple peasant woman, arrested in 1946, when she was eight months pregnant, for helping West Ukrainian partisans; she was shipped out to Kolymsa, and was among the fortunate survivors; she was even able to find her son after her release. (Her account was taken down by the well-known dissident L. Bogoraz, and appears in No 4.)

Historians should find much to interest them in the memoirs of the Red Army's first commander-in-chief, Vatslav (in No 2). Even in the relatively liberal atmosphere of the 1920s, the bitter criticisms voiced in the memoirs made their publication impossible, despite Vatslav's blame. His account of the latter's role during the left SR rising in July 1918 may well be inaccurate, but it is important to know that such high-

ranking officers could interpret Trotsky's behaviour in this light. The regular army, such as it then was, played a passive role, and the SR revolt was suppressed by a regiment of Latvian riflemen. Vatslav paints a remarkable picture of the Red Army in its early days: its discipline (with, in his view, excessive recourse to the death penalty), its primitive equipment and worse sanitation. He later perished in the purges.

The notorious Kiev ritual murder trial in 1913 is the subject of a long extract from the writings of V. Shulgin (No 4). Himself an active antisemite, Shulgin was dismayed by the evident falsehood of the accusation, and was in due course prosecuted for defaming tsarist justice. It is useful to be reminded of the language used on the right-wing benches of the Duma and in the press, as they howled for Jewish blood: "The government should recognize the Jews to be a people as dangerous for mankind as are wolves, scorpions, poisonous spiders and other beasts, which are to be exterminated for their atrocious behaviour towards men. . . Yids should be placed in a situation in which they would die out. This is the duty of the government and of the host people in our country." Shulgin quotes this with disgust (although an editorial note reminds us that his own remarks on Jews had not been exactly complimentary). It was to the credit of the Kiev investigating committee that two of them refused to take the case further, and the Ministry of Justice had to send in its own officials, while the public was given to understand that the Kiev investigators had been "bribed by the Jews". All this is a salutary reminder to those who consider that Russian liberals were to blame for not collaborating with the Tsar and his ministers at this period.

A very different but equally tragic story (in No 3) is that of the Menshevik youth organizations which led a brave and precarious existence in the early 1920s. One of the very few of their members to survive incarceration in prison and labour camp tells all he remembers, of arrests, release, exile, renewed arrests. Only a prominent few were executed, but instructions were to be used only for heavy physical work in the camps, the equivalent of a death sentence. Let me just quote one biographical example, from the copious notes provided:

Rapport, Isidor Samojlovich (1900-1941). Member of the social-democratic party, one of the organizers of its Moscow youth section in 1920. Member of its central bureau in 1922. Arrested in 1921. In the Butyrki prison (Moscow) and in Orel. Again arrested in 1922. After a hunger-strike exiled to Orel province,

where he fled, worked in social-democratic youth organization in Kiev. Attended the Irpensk (Menshevik youth) conference in September 1923, and there arrested. Solovki (White Sea), 1923-25. In 1925-26 was in the Upper Urals political-isolation prison; 1926-29 exile in Parabel. In 1929-30 allowed to live in Saratov. Arrested in 1930 and sent to Chelyabinsk political-isolation prison. Exiled to Central Asia (Kokand), 1933-36. Arrested in 1937, died in a camp.

The documents printed include the minutes of the meetings of the Russian Academy of Sciences held in the months following the Bolshevik revolution (No 4), and there is also in the same issue an account of the purge of the Academy in 1930, by an aged survivor, who recalls particularly the fate of the historians. Many academicians were arrested; some died in prison, some in exile. This painful process is carefully traced in a long and factual contribution from I. Voznesensky (No 1), who reviews, with caustic comments, the list of members of the Academy of Sciences published in Moscow in 1974. Some examples, the purges appear in it (for example, the geneticist Vavilov), but there are many omissions, including Bukharin and Ryazanov, and a number of eminent scholars who emigrated, whether at the time of the revolution or subsequently. Thus there is no mention of the poet and novelist Bunin (though his works have been republished), the linguist Poppe, and many others, in what purports to be a full list. The compiler notes three destructive waves which carried off many eminent members: 1918-21 (death from hunger and disease, plus emigration for the lucky ones, halved their ranks); 1929-30 (arrests and exile, but not yet shooting); and, of course, 1936-38. One sees how great intellectuals. Another notable document is the memoirs (in No 4) of N. Antiferov, a specialist on literary history, who was swept up in the purge of academicians. The editors' notes are exceptionally informative, providing biographical details and lists of the arrested academicians, and wherever possible, their subsequent fate.

Of more specialized interest is a detailed review-article (in No 3), also by Voznesensky, entitled "Only Orientalists". This is a commentary on a Soviet-published bibliography of Soviet orientalists. Again, the names appear, though with no mention of their having been either shot or imprisoned. Thus the bibliography mentions L. Gumilev, the son of the poet Anna Akhmatova, but not the fact that he endured long spells in

prison and labour camp. But there are many omissions. Voznesensky lists the truly extraordinary number of orientalists who were arrested in the 1930s and 1940s, regardless of their political views or specialisms. Eminent Marxist sinologists were shot in 1937-38, as were V. V. Vasiliev, head of the Institute of Buddhist culture, N. Nevski, the well-known expert on Japanese dialects, and specialists in Mongolian, Bengali, etc. One is amazed at the sheer scale of Russian oriental scholarship, to have provided so many victims - although this was a time when any contact with a foreign country was enough to attract the attention of the NKVD.

The tribulations of men of religion are also well represented. There is the remarkable case of Voyno-Yasenetski (Father Luka), an eminent surgeon who became a priest in 1923, and who, after spending twelve years in prison and in exile, became a senior military surgeon during the war, and later an archbishop. Issue No 2 contains an account by an old peasant - oral history at its best - of his long life as a fanatical follower of Tolstoy. He relates how, at the time of his arrest, his commitment to universal love and non-resistance puzzled his interrogators, and how, as a young man, he attended a debate in which the Bolshevik commissar for education, Lunacharsky, argued for the right to use violence in pursuit of human happiness. We learn of the existence of Tolstoyan farming cooperatives, the last of which (in Siberia) survived until 1937.

Of great value is the account by Popovski of the fate of the geneticist Vavilov. Popovski, astonishingly, was given access to a number of official documents, and so was able to obtain details of Vavilov's interrogation ("You are not an academician, you are a saboteur and a bag of shit"), the ludicrous accusations, the futile efforts made to get his case reviewed (the biologist Pryanishnikov submitted his name for the Stalin prize), and his death in prison in Saratov in 1943.

Inevitably much of the evidence relates to repression in its various manifestations. There is (in No 1) the case of M. Shulman, a fanatical Bolshevik who founded the Red Army choir and went with them to Paris in 1937. On his return he was arrested, apparently because of his close links with Gamarnik, a victim of the military purge. Throughout his eighteen years in prison and labour camp he retained his loyalty to Bolshevism and, after his release, applied for rehabilitation and not return to the Red Army choir. Finally disillusioned, he emigrated in 1974. Then there is the wartime story of a group of young people who were

arrested in Moscow on a trumped-up charge of plotting to assassinate Stalin; the author survived, because the charge was suddenly reduced to the lesser one: the "plotters" were supposed to have planned to shoot Stalin from a window, but it was found that in fact the window faced in the wrong direction - a surprising concern for the facts in a totally fabricated case.

Evidence relating to a much earlier period includes a full account of the "Political Red Cross", which, until the early 1930s, was allowed to give aid to political prisoners; the organization was headed by Ekaterina Peshkova, wife of Maxim Gorky. There are also several accounts of the early concentration camps in the Solovki (islands in the White Sea), on which many appeared in Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. There are also two notes about a remarkable woman, Skripnikova, of whom Solzhenitsyn noted that if only others had shown a quarter of her determination and concern for justice, Russian history would have been different. In her last years, after long spells in prison, she repeatedly took up individual cases of abuse of authority and wrote a dignified and eloquent letter to the Twenty-Third Party Congress (here quoted in full), and which (of course) the congress ignored.

How can Russia's history be interpreted? What did Stalin's régime launch such vicious and unprecedented attacks against its own people? It is still a little in the dust-jacket, which has a little in English and bears an OUP imprint; its blurb does not prepare the reader for the Italian bias of the dictionary.

Perhaps a leaflet explaining the reasons (presumably economic) as to why the dictionary does not have an introduction in English, addressed to the English user, would have been in order. As it is, it would be a pity if English Italianists were to reject it, feeling that it is not for them. The introductory editorial material is in Italian; Italian is the metalanguage in which grammatical explanations and

DICTIONARIES

Mediterranean morphologies

G. C. Lepeschy

MALCOLM SKEY (Editor)
Dizionario Inglese Italiano
Italiano Inglese
1984pp. Oxford University Press.
£19.50
0 19 431158 9

In the introduction to this dictionary Malcolm Skey refers to the "inexplicable first volume" of the *Cambridge Italian Dictionary*. (He is probably drawing attention to the absence of the second volume, which has since appeared - it was reviewed in the TLS on May 14, 1981.) But there is also something inexplicable about the volume under review. It was first published in Italy, in 1977, by the Società Editrice Internazionale, with an acknowledgment that the English-Italian section was based on *The Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English* published by OUP. All the editorial material was in Italian. The publisher's preface stated (in Italian): "This is the first English-Italian dictionary conceived and realized for the exclusive use of the Italian reader." Now that very same dictionary, in its fourth edition (June 1981), is published in Britain by Oxford University Press. The only change, as far as I can see, is in the dust-jacket, which has a little in English and bears an OUP imprint; its blurb does not prepare the reader for the Italian bias of the dictionary.

Perhaps a leaflet explaining the reasons (presumably economic) as to why the dictionary does not have an introduction in English, addressed to the English user, would have been in order. As it is, it would be a pity if English Italianists were to reject it, feeling that it is not for them. The introductory editorial material is in Italian; Italian is the metalanguage in which grammatical explanations and

linguistic comments are given in the body of the dictionary; indications for pronunciation, morphological irregularities, and the like are given for English and not for Italian words. All of which makes the dictionary more difficult for the English-speaker student of Italian. But this is one of the best Italian/English dictionaries available, and can certainly be of great service to English speakers as well.

There is no dearth of Italian/English dictionaries, mostly produced in Italy (because of the large number of Italian students of English), but only a few are good. The *Sansoni-Harrap*, produced by a team directed by V. Maschi, is the most complete and most reliable of the large-scale dictionaries; it is aimed, in an impersonal and businesslike style, at both English and Italian users. The two-volume *Cambridge Italian Dictionary*, edited by Barbara Reynolds, is more personal and stylish in its conception and presentation, and aimed at the English user; its main drawback is the abundance of misprints and the frequency of unidiomatic or inaccurate Italian expressions in the second, English-Italian, volume. Among the medium-sized, one-volume works, the best are the *Rogazzini*, published by Zanichelli, the *Hazon*, published by Garzanti, and the *Sansoni*, which is an abbreviated version of the *Sansoni-Harrap*.

In the *Dizionario Inglese Italiano Italiano Inglese* the English-Italian section is larger and more systematic than the Italian-English one. Of course the two sections of a bilingual dictionary are not supposed to be mirror images of each other, and it may be perfectly proper to offer as translations, in the target language, lexical items which are not given in the source of the other section. For instance, *ringworm* is here translated as "tricotifizia", a technical word which quite rightly does not appear in the Italian section; on the other hand one

may wonder why *figna*, rendered as "linea; ringworm", was not also given as a more popular equivalent of "beuta" and "fiasco" etc, though understandably the rare and technical term *beuta* is not given in the Italian section. In such cases the reasons for such asymmetry are not clear: *clitoris* is translated as "clitoride", but this does not appear in the Italian section; is the word more freely used in English than in Italian?

A notable feature which strikes one immediately is the attention given here to the distinction between linguistic registers, and the dictionary's special interest in colloquial and idiomatic expressions. This is also perhaps the first dictionary of its kind to devote full entries to four-letter words in all their figurative richness (that the translations are not fully satisfactory may be explained by the quite different development of sexual and scatological imagery in the two languages). In the Italian section one finds "modern" words such as *autoriduzione*, explained, rather than translated, as "unilateral reduction (by user) of payment (for a public service)"; *capellone* "long-haired youth"; *beatnik*; *contestazione*, in the political sense, "protest dissent"; but not *cassa integrazione* (a particular arrangement for paying workers made (partly) redundant); *gambizzare* (to kneecap); *gruppicolo* (small extremist political group); *perdollarati* (dollar currency earned by oil producing states); *precarato* (a category of untenured university teachers and civil servants in general); *volantinaggio* (distribution of leaflets). There are colloquialisms such as *innalzato* "rocket; windmill"; or *ardore* "mutton dressed like (dressed up as) lamb", but not *imbranato* (clumsy, inexperienced), *inghippo* (hitch, trick), *marchineggio* (gadget, contraption), or even, more curiously, ordinary terms like *pennarello* (felt-tip pen - this is also missing in the English section), or

forati (hollow bricks, which is the translation given for *mattoni forati*).

But to play the game of presences and absences is not the most fruitful way to assess a dictionary. More important is the organization of the word-list and of individual entries. In this case, the word-list is in strictly alphabetical order though this may not be the most revealing method to use if one is interested in comparing the structure of word-families. For instance, the words *pori* and *poteri* are separated by a whole heterogeneous group (including *potabile*, *potato*, *potent*, etc). On the other hand it is the most sensible and convenient form of organization if one wants to look up a particular word and its translation, rather than to examine its connections and ramifications within the lexicon. The individual entries are also sensibly subdivided into numbered sections for different meanings, with illustrative examples within each section and a list of idioms and phrases at the end of the entry. One problem which this dictionary solves no better than its predecessors is that of the order in which the examples are given within each section.

In a bilingual dictionary reliability is of paramount importance and this one seems to be remarkably correct and to compare favourably with the other dictionaries mentioned here. Even from sample testing it is clear that the standard of accuracy is very high. Occasional misprints occur (sv. *pesare* "to weighout"), or factual errors (sv. *virgin*, the *virgin birth*, ie, the birth of Christ, is translated as "la (dottrina della) immacolata Concezione", which refers to the conception of the Virgin, not by the Virgin), or slips (sv. *buongiorno*, *avere il buon gusto di non fare qualcosa* is turned into "to have the good taste to do something"), or translations are normally exact and appropriate, but there are occasional errors. *Rima equivoca*, sv. *equivoco*, is not well translated as "perfect rhyme"; "philologist" is given, correctly, as the

translation of *filologo*, but also of the adjective *filologico*; sv. *stato*, the expression *stato civile* is translated as "registry office". Some "false friends" are not distinguished as clearly as they should be: *assassin* is rendered as "assassino; sicario", but in fact *assassinio* means "murderer", and the Italian section is not fully explicit in its renderings (*assassinio* "murderer; assassin"; *assassinio* "murder; assassination (spec. per motivi politici)"; *assassinare* "to assassinate; to murder"). *Virtuale* is translated as "virtual", but *virtuale*, more correctly, is rendered as "in practice; di fatto; effettivo"; (*talvolta*) "virtuale".

In other cases renderings are incomplete or infelicitous: *androne* "entrance way" does not seem to cover the commoner denotation of a large entrance hall (in a school etc); *feticchia* is not provided with the sense (in the plural) of a kind of pasta, and *faticucine* "togiattelle" is not given; *scorlano* "scorpion-fish", does not give the (surely more common) figurative sense of "ugly person"; sv. *toccare*, *toccato* does not seem to give the fencing (and figurative) sense of "touched"; sv. *saluto* the expression *levare (togliere) il saluto* is rendered as "to fail to greet" which seems infelicitous as the English phrase could indicate accidental omission whereas the Italian implies a deliberate action. In other cases we are given not a translation but an explanation in the target language: sv. *to hit*, *a his-and-run* *accident* "un incidente stradale con fuga dell'investitore" is more suitable for an Italian who wants to understand the English phrase than for an Englishman who wants to translate it into Italian.

But there is no dictionary which could be criticized in this way. In the end it is a question of balance between good and bad points, and of comparison with other works. With the *Dizionario Inglese Italiano Italiano Inglese* the good points outweigh the bad ones; it ranks among the three or four best dictionaries of its kind.

Centrifugal forces

Walter Kendall

MICHAEL WALLER
Democratic Centralism: An Historical Commentary
155pp. Manchester University Press.
£14.50
0 7190 0802 6

Given that Lenin's organizational principle of Democratic Centralism has customarily assumed a Stalinist form, both in and outside Eastern Europe, could it ever result in anything radically different? Michael Waller believes that it could.

In a certain sense his conclusion seems entirely legitimate. "Democratic Centralism" is a term, yet one more example of the nomenclature with which the twentieth-century abounds. It has no precise meaning at all. "Democracy" and "Centralism" are polar opposites. If one puts the emphasis on the democratic element then the principle may give us a form of anarchy with which Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman and James Peter Kropotkin would all have been equally content. If one puts the emphasis on the other

element, we have Hitler's Germany, Guller's Argentina, or for that matter Stalin's or Brezhnev's Russia.

Mr Waller is concerned to present the argument in a somewhat more elaborate form, however. In substance I take his argument to be the following: Lenin's thought on the party "does not begin" in 1902 in *What is to be Done?* as has previously been held to be the case, but rather in 1905-06 when the RSDLP agreed that the party "must be organized" on the principle of democratic centralism. At this time, and by implication in the eleven years thereafter, Lenin "assigned" to democratic processes a value which atrophied in the early years of Soviet power, and more especially after the ban on factions in the Bolshevik Party imposed with the unanimous agreement of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin in 1921. In short, Lenin was really a democrat, and Democratic Centralism properly understood, is only after the Bolshevik conquest of power, and did to for a multiplicity of reasons, which I will risk subsuming under the phrase "the enforced isolation of the Soviet Union", that the failure of the world revolution to materialize. The thing having been said,

circumstances, been wound in one direction, it might be in different circumstances be unwound in another. Ergo, Euro-Communism may be possible. The ruling Stalinist parties themselves may be capable of self-sustained reform.

I do not find Waller's argument convincing. In his closing chapters he reprints well-merited criticism by Malcolm McEwen, Roger Garaudy and Louis Althusser of the centralist character of the Communist Parties of Britain and of France. Yet he fails to quote Rosa Luxemburg's much more convincing strictures on Lenin's organizational principles and practice, first made in Kautsky's *Neue Zeit* in 1904, and amplified in 1918, long before the "degeneration" alleged by Waller had taken place. Waller ignores read, and certainly not to have considered, Trotsky's even more perceptive criticism published in *Our need to admit Trotsky the man, not to share his political outlook*, to be astonished by the freshness and perception which this text, now almost eighty years old, manifests even today. Trotsky knew Lenin personally, had worked alongside him, had seen the practical consequences of his

dictatorial rule over the RSDLP the previous year. One finds here in embryo everything that appeared later in monstrous form (with Trotsky's own approval and participation) after 1917, and in yet more horrible form under Stalin in the years that followed.

If Lenin was indeed a democrat in the years 1906-17, why then did nobody notice? Why did the Bolshevik split re-appear and endure? Why did Trotsky, instead of recanting, maintain his sharp differences with Lenin over the "organizational question" until as late as June 1917? Robert Michels, in his classic study *Democratic and Political Parties*, of which Waller makes no mention, has shown how, on the basis of the experience of the SPD, mass organization tends to feed on itself, until such time as the bureaucracy ineluctably becomes the master and subjects the captive masses to its triumphant will. Twentieth-century experience points to the conclusion that democratic organization tends towards oligarchy. The very structure generated by "democratic centralism" makes oligarchical rule inevitable, and the many present-day Leninists "Cults of the Individual" all bear witness to the fact.

The author contends that nothing in the Soviet definition of Democratic Centralism "is incompatible with the liberal democratic process". One begins to differ. Even the limited and highly formal definition which Waller cites demands "strict party discipline and the subordination of the minority to the majority" and insists upon "the absolutely binding character of the decisions of the higher organs and upon party members". Yet given such power as that Labour's official leadership in this country would have given short shrift to Tony Benn years ago, and David Owen or Roy Jenkins would now be Labour Party Leader with Michael Foot one of a small band of outworn schematics consigned to a single back bench. Democratic Socialism and Democratic Centralism are not alternative routes to an identical destination, they are different roads leading to different destinations altogether.

Pre-Revolutionary Russian Science Fiction: An Anthology (Seven Utopias and a Dream), edited by Leland Serce (253pp. Ann Arbor: Ardis Publishing, \$27.50, 0-88233-394-4) contains six science-fiction stories from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which illustrate the Russian tradition of science fiction.

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Preaching and learning

Claire Cross

PETER LAKE
Moderate Puritans and the
Elizabethan Church
357pp. Cambridge University Press.
£27.50.
0 521 24010 7

After several decades in which historians have concerned themselves with placing Elizabethan Puritans in their political and social context, a new generation is now coming to the fore eager to explore anew the complexities of English Protestant theology in the second half of the sixteenth century. Following closely upon Dr Hauckham's study of one of the most renowned Elizabethan Protestant polemicists, William Fulke, and other books and articles on the prominence of the concept of the Pope as Antichrist in the writings of committed English Protestants, comes this important, though difficult, monograph on the theology of the circle of Protestant ministers centred on the figure of William Chaderton in Cambridge from about 1570 until 1610.

Since these latter sort of Protestants, derided by their opponents as Puritans, believed that England could be won for the reformed gospel only by plentiful preaching, and since pure preaching could be generated only by a thoroughly Protestant form of higher education, the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge played a crucial role in what they envisaged quite literally as the conversion of England. This history begins with Edward Dering, a fellow of Christ's throughout the 1560s, who in his own person exemplified this passionate desire to bring the Word to the people. Disappointed by the slow pace of reform in the institutional church and the absence of a comparable zeal in the Supreme Governor in his last years, Dering discovered the discipline necessary for England in the Presbyterian form of ecclesiastical government newly enunciated by Thomas Cartwright.

In direct academic descent from

Dering was Chaderton, from 1584 the first and immensely influential master of Emmanuel who devoted his entire career to the task of producing reformed clergy for the English church. Like Dering a Presbyterian, Chaderton nevertheless remained throughout his long life a member of the national church, maintaining that in the last resort compromise and limited conformity was a justifiable price to pay for freedom to exercise an evangelical and pastoral ministry. Cartwright himself, exiled from his university from 1572 but very much present in spirit, when faced by separatism in his latter years explicitly recognized the English church as true, albeit imperfect church. This fear of sectarianism and sense of mission to the entire nation also kept William Bradshaw, one of Chaderton's most radical protégés, loyal to the idea of one national church. Yet not all these Cambridge intellectuals espoused the cause of Presbyterianism: incipient Nonconformity as he was, Bradshaw did not respond favourably to the rigours of the discipline of Presbyterianism, while Thomas Whitaker, Chaderton's brother-in-law, never seems to have objected to the government of the church as by law established. Whitaker, nevertheless, during the ten years he spent as Master of Trinity from 1582, adhered just as closely as any of the group to what is here characterized as the Puritan world-view, a theology which stressed above all the transcendence of God and the utter inability of man of himself to help himself.

Under Chaderton's direction men of this type dominated Cambridge in the 1590s and, though the comparison is not developed here, a very similar state of affairs seems to have prevailed at Oxford. The near-stranglehold which the Calvinist heads of houses obtained over the theological faculty drove a very small number of dissidents, in particular Peter Baro and William Barrett, in sheer self-defence to attack publicly the neo-Calvinist teaching on predestination. Their audacity resulted in the promulgation of the Lambeth articles, approved both by the Cambridge establishment and by Whitgift: only opposition at court, apparently master-minded by Burghley, prevented the articles from

becoming the official doctrine of the English church.

In addition to presenting this new interpretation of the underlying causes of the theological controversies in Cambridge in the late sixteenth century, and also questioning the primary Presbyterian supporters given to the theory of church government when confronted with their principal duty of propagating the Word, Peter Lake queries the centrality of predestination in the pastoral ministry of these Cambridge ecclesiastics. From sermon notes he has contrived to reconstruct the preaching of Chaderton and his allies in the university at the turn of the century to prospective ministers and to the laity in general. At least something of what must have been the compelling attraction of Puritanism for the elect can be sensed from this little-known and superficially arid source.

Just as historians of Arminianism have perforce ended by investigating Calvinism, so this study of Cambridge Puritanism makes more explicable the emergence of the tiny Arminian party in the university in the early seventeenth century. Not all Cambridge dons, even during Chaderton's supremacy, regarded theology as their ultimate goal. At Trinity, Whitaker found himself fighting a prolonged rearguard action against a handful of fellows who wished to pursue knowledge for knowledge's sake, who felt no call to the preacher's office and saw nothing shameful in drawing on church revenues to finance their research. These Protestants did not share the belief of Chaderton's circle in the total depravity of man and ventured to defend a tradition which they may have derived from the Christian humanists of the earlier part of the century of the possibility of man's producing work pleasing to God.

While he concedes that there is much truth in the ascendancy of a general Calvinist consensus within the Elizabethan church in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and for much of the reign of James, Dr Lake argues the powerfully in favour of the essential distinctiveness of Puritan academic thought. This subtle and penetrating book goes far to substantiate his case.

Catholic evangelist

B. Drewery

FRANK BAKER (Editor)
The Works of John Wesley, Volume
26: Letters II, 1740-1755
684pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £35.
0 19 812546 1

Seven volumes of the new Oxford edition of *The Works of John Wesley* are to be devoted to his letters; this is the second of them, and the third volume of the whole enterprise to appear. The old eight-volume edition, edited hitherto in standard use, will be rendered obsolete, partly by the printing of over 800 new letters out of a total of some 3,500, partly by the fact that over one-third are from other correspondents to Wesley, partly by a greatly superior text and invaluable footnotes from Professor Baker of Duke University, North Carolina, the editor-in-chief of this largely American undertaking.

In the previous volume Frank Baker claimed with justice that the letters give us a fuller "personal revelation" of John Wesley than the famous *Journal* itself. They are also extremely good reading, with that eighteenth-century tang of salty prose reminiscent at times of Samuel Johnson himself (the conversationalist, that is, not the writer). There are countless insights on a group of remarkable men (and some women) who were centred on if not dominated by the untiring evangelist and church-builder who takes his place with Cranmer and Newman in our English heritage.

The previous volume led us through Wesley's Oxford years, his adventures in Georgia, his celebrated "conversion" and, from 1739, the one-air preaching with George Whitefield. In the present volume we see the growth of Methodism from London and Bristol to the North of England, Wales and Ireland. We see with growing clarity the sharpening tensions with Anglicanism and the love-hate relationship of Wesley with his Mother Church - not only in the obvious sticking-points such as canon law and the use of lay preachers, but in the underlying theological pattern which was in the end to place Methodism as a kind of middleman between Establishment and Nonconformity, distinguished from both related to the movements of Lutheran, Reformed and Moravian on the Continent and the older Free Churches at home. Methodism grew through controversy, and one prime feature of this new edition is that the "other side" is given so generously by

the questions or rejoinders of Wesley correspondents.

Wesley the pastor is much in evidence, with letters from people of all types seeking and receiving advice. Wesley's own personal life - his unhappy love affair with Mrs. Murray and his ill-starred marriage to Mrs. Vazelle among much else - is included. Indeed, whether our interest is biographical, historical or theological, there is hardly a page that will not stimulate and satisfy.

But the present-day issue of the "Covenant of Unity", with its disastrous but hardly surprising veto of the Anglican Synod, perhaps draws our most pressing attention to the letters between Wesley and the pseudonymous "John Smith", later with Samuel Walker of the Anglican who challenged Methodist doctrines and practices as unscriptural by scripture and the Church of England; the series of twelve letters between him and Wesley from 1740-1748 deal at length with matters of crucial importance to Wesley and without relevance in 1982. Samuel Walker was a friendly Anglican of evangelical convictions, who formed a religious society somewhat akin to Wesley's but within his own parish Wesley wrote to him in 1755 about the threatened rift between the Methodist societies and the Church of England.

The secession was in the end inevitable, and made wider in the century by the decisive swing away from any form of Protestantism on the part of Newman and the Tractarians, whose influence was at its greatest among the bishops and the laity, but with the parish priests, the foreshadowing the 1982 voting pattern of the Anglican Synod, also the earlier rejection of the Anglican Methodist unity proposals. Although many vain "might-have-beens" history remains the wistful speculation of an Anglican communion body which had embraced within its one comprehensiveness both the catholic evangelism of John Wesley and the evangelical catholicism of Newman.

As it is, the clear call for reconciliation in the twentieth century, while unheeded, remains unfulfilled. The new Oxford Edition of Wesley's works, planned for completion a thirty-four volumes, bids fair to be a marvel of searching scholarship and the highest publishing standards. Unhappily, the inevitable high cost and limit circulation; but no historic ecclesiastic or interested enquirer can afford to ignore what is (I believe) the most ambitious enterprise of its kind that the Oxford University Press has ever undertaken.

Doctrinal consultant

J. L. Houlden

KARL RAHNER
Theological Investigations: Volume
17, Jesus, Man, and the Church
260pp. Darton, Longman and Todd.
£14.50.
0 232 51410 1

In the steady stream of volumes of his collected papers, the Jesuit Karl Rahner exercises in effect the ministry of a consultant theologian both to his own church and to the Christian community in general. The latest volume contains lectures and essays dating from as far back as 1967 and mostly published originally in journals in the early 1970s. The nineteen papers fall into four categories. The first five are on Christological topics, the second five deal with aspects of the Christian doctrine of man, a further four are on the church, and the last group, also on the church, are chiefly concerned with the current ecumenical situation. All breathe the same spirit of realism and willingness to tackle doctrinal problems within a wide frame of orthodoxy overboard. In a disarmingly revealing final paper (entitled "Some working remarks" about my own work), Rahner describes in simple terms the way he does his work as a theologian: it is one of the most

stimulating pieces in the book. It disclaims any philosophical skill as any pretension to be a man of letters as the modern world of scholarship understands the term. In the present advanced stage of enquiry, Rahner learned contributions are bound to be "existentially empty and ineffective". Rahner sees his own role as that of *haute vulgarisation* - "not or less the only way in which someone who wants to write something important in this field [the theological] can write at all".

Within this latest collection, the papers on ecumenism amply justify that claim. In a refreshingly open and balanced way, they explore the doctrinal significance of the situation now existing in the churches (Rahner writes with German particularity of mind), whereby many Christians who are formally Catholics or Protestants no longer differ on any substantial points of faith, and official theological discussions between the churches have little relation to the religious convictions of most of the churches' membership.

Other papers of special interest include "The liberty of the dogma" dealing with the roles of dogma and patent in the face of doctrinal "Christology today", which is a reminiscent of recent English dogmatic points to the limitations of Christology while at the same time acknowledging its strength.

An enclave evaluated

C. R. Boxer

J. M. RICHARDS
Goa
143pp. Hurst. £7.50.
0 905838 46 7

Nineteenth-century British travellers who wrote about Goa were apt to be rather condescending, as typified by Richard Burton's quirky classic, *Goa and the Blue Mountains* (1851), when they were not frankly contemptuous, or even hostile. A more sympathetic and perceptive view was taken by Evelyn Hutchinson in his evocative *The Clear Mirror: A Pattern of Life in Goa and in Indian Tibet* (1936). Unfortunately, it went out of print soon after publication, and copies are now very hard to find. The appearance of J. M. Richards's *Goa* is therefore all the more welcome. An internationally known writer on many aspects of the history of architecture, he is eminently qualified to describe and comment on the great ecclesiastical buildings which are the most prominent relics of Portuguese colonial rule in Goa, 1510-1961; he is also very perceptive on the social history of Goa, and on its present-day culture as a living and vibrant mingling of Indian and Portuguese traditions. Nor does he neglect the economic aspects and on-going developments; he reminds us that a third of India's iron-ore deposits are in Goa, and these are especially valuable to the country's economy as earners of foreign currency.

Sir James is particularly interesting in his discussion of the interaction between urban and rural life. He rightly stresses that in Goa the ruling class (apart from a few Portuguese government officials) never moved into the towns. If the landowning class is not as powerful as it once was, the

change has not yet upset the balance of town and village life. The landowning class, moreover, has always been Goan, with few exceptions. The *Brahmines*, or descendants of more or less forcibly converted Brahmins, very seldom intermarried with the Portuguese, despite spasmodic efforts by Portuguese governments during the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries to encourage them to do so. They are devoutly Roman Catholic, and their household and living patterns in many ways remind one of those of householders in Portuguese provincial towns. The better-off Goans who emigrated to Bombay, East Africa or elsewhere, may have only visited their ancestral country-houses for occasional holidays, but they often retired to them and kept up the style of life of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as the furnishings of many of their houses testify. These relatively wealthy householders were often patrons of craftsmen of many kinds. The richly carved ebony and rosewood furniture of Goa, and the Indo-Portuguese ivories of religious inspiration (*Virgins*, *Mary*, *Tree of Jesse*, etc.), are justly famous.

While acutely analysing the traditional aspects of upper-class Goan life, Richards does not overlook the changes since the Indian occupation of 1961, and the advent of the hippies - good, bad and indifferent. No visitor to Goa should fail to take this book with him, and the armchair-traveller will also find it enjoyable. The bibliography is limited to works in English. It therefore does not contain what is probably the best work on Goa in any language: Raquel Soeiro de Brito's *Goa e as Praças do Norte* (Lisbon, 1966). A more surprising omission is Teotónio R. de Souza, S.J., *Medieval Goa: A Socio-economic History* (New Delhi, 1979), which reflects something of the tensions in Goan society that Richards tactfully soft-pedals in his book.

Anthropologists' art

J. B. Donne

Tribal and Ethnic Art
Modern Art Bibliographical Series,
Volume 1
99pp. Clio Press. £15.
0 903450 60 7

According to the introduction, this volume "contains 900 abstracts of books, available dissertations, periodical articles and exhibition catalogues with essays or texts published between 1972 and 1979, relating to the study or exposition of the artifacts and aesthetics of cultural groups who are largely non-European. The series is based on the bi-annual ARTBibliographies MODERN, which covers literature on post-1800 art published since 1972, and thus studies relating to pre-European contact cultures only are excluded, as are those which are anthropological or ethnological."

Since the study of the subject is almost entirely in the hands of anthropologists, except in the United States, where a number of academic art historians have made their field of specialization, this immediately places a serious limitation on the material included. Nevertheless, the subject index lists eleven entries under "anthropological studies". Likewise, the arbitrary choice of 1800 as a *terminus a quo* poses problems, especially in the case of Africa, which accounts for over half the total number of entries. Indeed the editors (who remain anonymous) have been obliged to mention Nkomo and Ite from time to time. But their general ignorance of the subject is revealed by their listing the Begin as "kingdom and tribe", their belief that the Kuba royal statues "first became known in Europe" in 1937-38, and their failure to recognize the relations between Kuba and Bushongo, or Sango and Bwaka, which require that they be cross-referenced, as do Kakongo and Kongo, Basongye and Songe, Basotho and Sotho, here all regarded as separate entities. Furthermore, the author and subject indexes contain misspelled names and misprinted

numbers - which make them undependable.

There is no reference to D. C. Western's *A Bibliography of the Arts of Africa*, nor to the index to *African Arts* 1967-1977. A more serious omission is that the volume contains no list of journals consulted. These appear to have been mainly art magazines such as *African Arts* (which must have printed some 500 articles between 1972 and 1979: one would like to know the basis on which the abstractors made their selection), *American Indian Art*, *Art Collector*, *Art of Asia*, *Art Review*, *The Connoisseur* (with some curious omissions), and *UNESCO Courier*. *Africa Turvoren*, *Arts d'Afrique Noire* and *Objets et Monde* all appear to have been passed over, although the introduction states that "items from all over the world" are included. Indeed, a Finnish art journal, *Taide*, provides the one entry for Sir Edmund Leach. As regards books, among the many omissions are five volumes on African art with colour photographs published at various times during the period by ABC Décor, Paris, and also Lévi-Strauss's most important and beautifully illustrated study of Pacific North-West Coast art, *La Voie des Masques*.

But the computer can no more think for itself than the typewriter can spell. What is lacking here is the benefit of human knowledge and experience. Far more was published on "tribal and ethnic art" in the years 1972-79, and much of it was of greater substance, than this bibliography would give one to believe. In *The Maori: Heirs of Tane* (1980), Orin, tells the story of these creative, warlike people from their origins until the nineteenth century, when the Europeans arrived. He shows how all aspects of Maori life were interconnected: the gods were believed to be related to the people, and even trees had souls. War was commonplace since spiritual potency, *mana*, was thought to be achieved through heroic deeds on the battlefield. Maori myths, their songs and their art, by turns, sensuous and fierce, joyous and tragic, form an integral part of this book which is richly illustrated with the photographs of Werner Forman.

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